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The Death of Abraham.

A SERMON

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THE PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our hearts, weary and sore through much strife, cry out for Thy heart as for a place of sweet and secure rest. Open the door and bid us come ! The sin which we thought was dead was but asleep, and it has stirred up its cruel power more mightily than ever, and has thrown us down in the face of the sun and mocked us in our vain resistance. This cruel sin will get the better of us, not wounding us only and filling our whole soul with pain, but will utterly destroy us, if Thou dost not come and save us ! But Thou wilt come ; even now Thou art at the door ; even now the angels of God are roundabout us. Thou surely lovest man ; yea, even his sin seems to endear the sinner to Thee, if but his heart know its own bitterness, and there be one word of repentance on his tongue. We repent, and then we sin again ; we renounce the enemy, and then we fly into his arms ; we cover him with curses that should wither him away, and in the same moment we go out and do his unholy work. What can reach such guilt but the blood of the heart of Christ ? It is in vain that we tarry at the rivers of earth ; we hasten, yea, we run as if impelled by fear and hope to the great Cross, the tender Cross, the Cross of Thy own Christ, the mighty, the infinite, the only Saviour of mankind. Why dost Thou spare us ? Is there yet upon us some broken image of Thyself ? Amid all this ruin dost Thou see one line of beauty ? Surely Thine own eye alone can see it, for it is an eye of most piteous compassion. Speak to us some comfortable word this day, and leave us not without one token of Thy love. Yet, why speak we so, when every word of Thine is good, and every flower, and every bird is a token of Thy most tender care ?

We want to know more fully the riches of Thy truth. What is truth ? So vast, so ever-enlarging, so fascinating, who can tell what is hidden in that glowing mystery ? May our ignorance make us modest ; may Thy promise make us hopeful. Oh for clearer insight, for keener sympathy, for more constant love ! Lord hear us ; blessed Saviour send us answers that shall make us glad !

Look upon us all as the sun looks upon the whole earth ; upon the old man stooping down to the grave ; upon the unconscious infant clutching at the stars ; upon the broken-hearted woman who dare not tell the secret of her pain ; upon the rich man whose hills are clothed with pasture, and upon the poor man who wonders why he was born. We are all here in Thy presence ; let the cloud of Thy blessing gather thickly and fall upon us according to our several needs, and we shall be made glad with pure and exalting joy. Spare us yet a little longer ; nay, Lord, why should we say so ? Were it not better to pass on, to stand in the light, and to be clothed with the liberty of a perfected redemption ? We call this desire to remain our love of

life only because we do not know what life is ; it may not be our love of life, it may be but our fear of death. Lord abolish death in us ; let it have no place in our outlook and forecast ; may we be so filled with Christ that we can see nothing but our immortality. Lord hear us ! Lord keep us ! Lord abide with us till this night-life be gone, and the morning be fully come ! Amen.

SERMON.

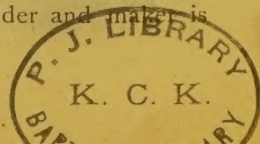
Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years ; and was gathered to his people.—Gen. xxv : 8.

NOW that he is gone, we may be able to get a clear view of his whole character, and to see how one part looks in the light of another. It is almost impossible to be just to any living man who is doing a great work, because we see his imperfections, we are perhaps fretted by the manner in which he does it, and we are not quite sure that he may not even yet spoil it by a blunder or a crime. But when he has laid down his tools, and left his work for the last time, we may look quietly at the whole character stretching clear through from youth to old age, and form a sound opinion of its quality and value.

Abraham is by far the greatest man we have met with in these studies, and his greatness is our difficulty, because we may judge him by ourselves. That, indeed, is the difficulty of reading all the best biography ; we think what *we* should have done, and if the hero did not do just as we should have acted, it is very seldom that we give him the advantage. It must be difficult for a highly educated parrot, that has been taught to blab by a silly housemaid, and that has done the next best thing to being at a Board School, to have any patience with an eagle that never knew the advantages of an enlightened kitchen. We do not always know the agonies to which culture exposes both bird and man. In some respects Abraham was the first great traveler in the world ; and his difficulty in traveling was the greater because he did not leave home to gratify any curiosity or whim of his own, but in obedience to a spiritual influence which bore him forward by a mighty impulse which he could hardly have put into words. We should call a man who acts to-day as Abram acted thousands of years ago, a fanatic ; we believe in a respectable and decorous Providence ; not in the God who drives us before the breath of a storm and makes us helpless under the spell of an irresistible inspiration. And we should doubt a man who acted like Abraham all the more because he did not get the very thing which he said God had promised to him before he left home ! That would be fatal to any man's claim to having been directed of God now-a-days. We judge the Providence by the prize. If you *succeed*, then you have been divinely guided ; if you *fail*, then you have either "not asked, or else you have asked amiss." If you are invited from one church to another as pastor, your wisdom in

accepting the invitation will be judged by the congregations you gather ; if you fill the pews and have to enlarge the building, people will say, "You can have no doubt *now* that God sent you ;" but if the hearers be few and poor, the same people will tell you that you have missed "your providential way." Judged by this standard of miscalled success, Abraham's migration is the greatest blunder in the pages of religious history. It was a failure. Canaan was promised to him, and he never got a foot of it ! Surely, then, a respectable and commercial piety may fairly call him a mistaken man, an amiable enthusiast, a clairvoyant dreamer, who mistook a morning mist for a great estate. I wish, therefore, to learn from Abraham's character the right way of judging Providence ; to learn from a Jew how to be a Christian ! The rough and ready way of stating this case is : Abram went out from his kindred and his father's house to get a land that God would show him ; Abram did not get that land, but actually "sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country," and was buried in a grave which he had to buy ; it is clear, therefore, that he mistook a dream for a reality, a mirage for a landed property, and he was punished for his selfish ambition. I fear that this notion of God's providence is not unknown among ourselves ; that we think nothing is heavenly but success ; and that it never enters our minds that God's way may lie through the dreary region of hunger and loss, pain and sorrow, weakness and death, and that failure itself may be a sign of God's presence and care in our life.

Abraham's case shows that God may have fulfilled a promise when He has apparently broken it ; and that God's promises are not to be measured by the narrowness and poverty of the letter. God promised Abraham and his seed a place or land called Canaan, and yet Abraham and his seed never held the land ; Abraham "sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise ;" he had "none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on ; yet God promised that He would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child" (Acts vii : 5). Now, this brings us, so to speak, into close quarters with God's providence, and Abraham's character becomes a medium through which we learn divine lessons. *Abraham suffered for us.* It is beautiful beyond expression to see how the true idea dawned upon the mind of the man of faith, that is to say, how he got from the letter to the spirit, and saw God's meaning at last. When he came out of the land of the Chaldeans he had a very small notion of his future ; but as he went on and on, from Charran, building his altar and pitching his tent, his eyes pierced beyond the little land of Canaan, and "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is



God." He could not have taken in the grandeur of that idea at first. It was too spiritual for him. He must have real land, real stones, real possessions of divers kinds, and by and by there would break upon his mind the higher light; these things would show their own worthlessness as mental supports and tonics, and he would let them slip out of his hands that he might become a citizen of "a better country that is an heavenly," "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," and the literal Canaan would cease to have a single charm for a man that had seen the "holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband." I beg you not to let this point slip, or you may "charge God foolishly;" you may say, "God promises one thing and gives another, therefore He disappoints and distresses the believer of His promises." Now, that is true as to the first part, and untrue as to the second, for it is in evidence in all the volumes of history and personal experience that God's way of fulfilling His promises always astonished with glad surprise the very persons who at first saw nothing but the letter, and grasped nothing but the common meaning of the word. God's promises are not broken; they are enlarged and glorified. The *receivers themselves* are satisfied, are overwhelmed with thankful amazement, and instead of complaining that the letter has not been kept, they say, "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think;" and so deep is this impression that they have said, and are saying every day, the things that are seen are not worthy to be compared with the glories which shine on the eyes of the heart. Now this I hold to be the explanation of the difficulty arising from the supposed discrepancy between the promise and its fulfillment. It is fulfilled beyond all expectation. The answer is as a river which overflows the channel of the promise.

Your little boy is five years old; promise him that if he will learn such and such lessons he shall have the finest rocking-horse in the world when he is fifteen; I can easily imagine him seizing his lessons with great earnestness; at five a rocking-horse seems the finest of prizes; the child works, and reads, and learns (the figure of the rocking-horse still being before his imagination), but as five becomes seven and seven grows into nine, and nine enlarges into twelve, and the mind strengthens and brightens by the very work which was to bring the prize, the rocking-horse goes down in value, until at fifteen the intelligent, well-trained, glad-hearted youth declines the very Canaan which he so eagerly started to win, and is almost insulted if you name to him the promised prize. Why does he decline it? Because he has got something so much better: he has got information, culture, discipline, habits of reading and observation, and these very things which he had no idea

or getting when he started, have actually wrought in him a proper contempt for the very prize that was promised.

So I see Abram starting from the land of the Chaldeans with a promise of getting another land. At first he thinks much about it. He wonders how long it is and how wide, and how rich in wells and thick pastures, and many a long dream he has about the country far away; travel tries him; little disappointments trouble his daily life; sorrow comes, death overshadows him, great judgments come down from heaven; a solemnity grows upon his heart as he sees the seasons rise, flourish and die, and life run its little round; many a word God speaks to his heart; he learns something of the greatness of manhood, new possibilities disclose themselves, unusual aspirations give a higher dignity to his prayers, and his soul almost unconsciously enters into new alliances and companionships, until at last he declares plainly, even in Canaan itself, that he seeks a country, a better country, a richer Canaan, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is thus our manhood grows. "When I was a child I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." I needed a *promise* suitable for a *child*; I sigh for a *fulfillment* worthy of a *man*.

When the young man started in business he probably set before his mind the idea of twenty years' service, a modest competence, and long years of leisure, a Canaan easily gained and easily held. As he went forward, the very effort he was required to make created new possibilities, new habits, and new ambitions, until his first notion became ridiculous even to himself. Thus we are led on. First, that which is natural; afterward, that which is spiritual. To begin with, we must have something to look at and to touch; by and by our better nature will be awakened, and spiritual meanings will be realized. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" in spiritual elevation and desire; in our meaner selves we think that the earthly will be enough, but in our better moments we shall earnestly desire our house from heaven. The young lad whose pocket money is fourpence per month, quite longs for the time when he will be called upon to pay the income-tax. He says he will be only too glad to pay the tax when he gets the income. In due time he obtains the income, but I listen in vain for any special gratification in the matter of the tax. The veteran servant who has received a gift of honor from his admirers, tells them that much as he values the silver and gold, he prizes the love which gave them infinitely more. This is the same principle; it is the spiritual absorbing the material. The principle may be applied to heaven itself. The young Christian thinks of heaven as a magnificent collection of all the finest things he has ever heard of—of harps and trumpets,

of gardens and fountains of water, of processions and banners, of crowns and thrones; as he grows in holy life he sees that something better must be meant; as he gets nearer and nearer the promised land he cares less and less for the magnificence which once satisfied him; and at last he sees all the heaven he needs in being "for ever with the Lord."

These are beautiful words as showing one side of Abraham's character: "And his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the cave of Macpelah." I am not aware that those names are thus united in any other transaction. Abraham never ceased to care for Ishmael, the son of the bondwoman, the wanderer; and Ishmael showed how he valued his father's care by thus uniting with Isaac in the last act of filial love. How true is it that sometimes relatives only meet one another at funerals! For years they may never speak to each other, but some cold, sad day they set out on a journey to one common grave. "Abraham gave all that he had unto Isaac," yet Ishmael went to the funeral! Isaac and Ishmael met over their father's dead body, and then probably separated forever. Ishmael might have had hard feelings as he stood so near the bones of Sarah, thought of his mother and of that day when she and he went forth into the wilderness. Some recollections cut us very keenly, and even make us furious with resentful anger. It was surely not so with Ishmael. The wilderness had told well upon him. He was not hardened by hardship. He was a giant and a true king, and his eye took in wide sweeps of things, and thus helped his soul toward large and noble judgments.

Abraham is our father, too, if we believe, for he is "the father of the faithful." If we blame him for aught of shortcoming or misdeed, we blame ourselves, for we are more to be reproached than he. Abraham lived in the twilight, we live in the full noon; Abraham stood alone, we are members of the General Assembly and Church of the first-born, with throngs of friends around us, and blessed memories and inspirations. Let us cultivate the pilgrim spirit. Let us "declare plainly that we seek a country." Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Bind the sandals, grasp the staff, tarry briefly everywhere, and though faint, be evermore pursuing, content with nothing less than heaven.

The Rich Man and Lazarus; or, How a Rich Man may Become very Poor and a Poor Man very Rich.

A SERMON

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There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple. . . Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.—Luke xvi: 19-31.

WE have no more tangible picture of the diversity of the paths of human life than the one drawn here so briefly, so sharply and so vividly: a rich man in purple, living every day in splendor and joyousness, and in contrast with him a poor man, sick and miserable, lying upon the ground and begging for crumbs. We might almost ask: Why does God allow such inequality to exist?

But much greater is the diversity of their paths after death. The veil has for once been lifted in this gospel, and we are permitted to give a glance into the realm of death and to see the condition of the departed in their happiness or misery before the last judgment. And what do we see there? The rich man has become very poor and wretched, and the poor man is richly comforted. This is the other side of the picture, and contains the reassuring answer to all questionings as to the varied conditions of men in this world. Our parable shows us two lines, the one ascending, the other descending, and cutting each other in the middle. In the first line we see a man sinking from the most dazzling elevation to the deepest depth of woe. In the other line we see a man rising from the lowest depth of earthly misery to the most blissful elevation. The point at which these two lines meet and cut each other is death—a point which all men must cross, whether rich or poor. From this point on their relative conditions are changed: that which before was exalted is now humbled; that which was humbled is now exalted. The character of these lines is very different. The ascending one is very narrow—a type of the strait and narrow way—so narrow and hard the traveler upon it can scarcely stand or move, containing only a few crumbs of bread for subsistence. In it the traveler must fight his way forward until the angels come to bear him to his eternal rest. The descending line is broad and comfortable; upon it all goes merrily, until suddenly the end is reached and

the chasm opens, from which there is no return. For a time the two pilgrims wander very near each other: the one is lying at the gate of the other, and knocks beseechingly, alas! without success. Soon, however, they are separated by a great gulf, and the rich man knocks at the gate of the former beggar, but also without success. The rich man has many brothers; for they are many who walk in the broad path. This is not said of the poor man; for they are few who find the way to life.

At a time, beloved, when the spirit of indifference has seized upon such wide circles of the Christian world that men refuse to listen not only to Moses and the prophets, but even to Christ and to the apostles, and are ready to hearken in earnest only when the time of grace is at an end, and when the threatening brightness of the throne of judgment beams punishment upon them; at a time in which the deceitfulness of riches, external and mental, seduces such countless numbers that they have no pity on their own hungering souls (to say nothing of relieving, with more than bread crumbs, others' misery); in such a time it is of the greatest importance to look more closely at the danger signals which Christ, in this parable, has set up by the side of the broad path. May the Lord bless to all as we draw nearer and read: "THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS; OR, HOW A RICH MAN MAY BECOME VERY POOR, AND A POOR MAN VERY RICH."

1. *The present and the future life, in their wonderful contrasts*, are held in the text, by our Lord, before our eyes in a most impressive manner.

First. The diversity of men and their lives in the present. Let us look first at the rich man. "*There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.*" Here was a gentleman living in splendor—even his garments were weighed with gold. We must picture him to ourselves as living in a most costly dwelling, inasmuch as mention is made of his gates, and in a society with his brothers corresponding with his estate. Each day brings him new enjoyment: one gross pleasure follows the other; splendid entertainments succeed one another in constant variety. There everything is gayety; the sparkling cup of life is full to overflowing. What! Is nothing further said of him? Then his line of life is surely tending *downward* from the very start.

A rich man stands before us, who, even here, *is already continually growing poorer*. Who could endure such a life: faring sumptuously every day, without growing emptier and more impoverished in spirit? The more earnest thoughts of God and eternity are here forced into the background by ever more subtle and extravagant pleasures, and conscience becomes ever more completely overwhelmed and benumbed.

Day by day the personal indebtedness grows apace with the constant yielding to the flesh, the indebtedness for countless sins of omission against God and man, and with it comes an inner desertedness and emptiness of heart. Silence becomes more and more unbearable, and at last, night and day must be filled with noisy revelry.

And yet there is nothing particularly bad said of this rich man. He appears not to have belonged to the very worst class. In fact, when we look closely, he was not without good points. Various touches in the picture of him go to show that he was a man of humane feelings. Lazarus lies at his gate, "full of sores," a picture of misery which almost excites our disgust. The rich man lets him lie there. My friend, how long would such a one be permitted to lie before thy gate? Would you not soon say: "There is something for you, now go away; my wife and my children will become disgusted at your open wounds;" and Lazarus would have to stand up, and with a sigh, totter onward on his road. Lazarus was "*desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.*" True, it is not said that this desire was gratified, but it is at least hinted at, that crumbs used to fall from the rich man's table. A person who lives so sumptuously and extravagantly does not count the crumbs. Now and then Lazarus probably received some of the scraps, even if only from pitying servants; otherwise he could not have continued to lie there without starving. Still more, the rich man was not without a certain sort of confession of faith. He had Moses and the prophets (v. 29); he twice calls Abraham "Father" (vs. 24, 27). He appears not to have belonged to the infidels and atheists. In his life he most assuredly was not willing to be considered as irreligious. And lastly, he felt humanely toward his brothers, even while he himself was in the place of punishment in the lower world: "*I pray Thee, therefore, Father, that Thou wouldst send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.*" Even if this wish was not entirely without selfish grounds, still he seems not to have lacked a certain love and care for his relatives, and a certain devotion to them.

Therein lies a fearful lesson: *With how much of good may a man still come to the place of torment.* Only give to the poor the crumbs of thine abundance, show a certain humanly, natural, customary mercy in thy petty alms, and for all that thy way may be pointed downward to the depths of woe. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Have some little faith; say "Father," not only to Abraham, but also to God, and "Lord" to thy Redeemer; show in every "Our Father" that thou hast some faith in God,

and dost not wish to be reckoned with the godless; have Moses and the prophets, yes, even Christ and the whole of the Holy Word in thy house, open them from time to time—yet, thy way may still be the broad path: “Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” Not all of those who say to God, “Father,” are children and heirs of the Father. You may have human sympathy for your relatives, may love them tenderly, may do much for their external welfare, “For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?”

Thou askest: Shall then all my good deeds be lost? Oh, no! But thou mayst perhaps receive the reward for them in this life. See how wonderfully the Lord explains the temporal prosperity of the rich man, and therein solves for us a thousand mysteries of life—how the foolish are often so happy and for so long a time. Abraham declares this with the words: “Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.” Yes, he had good traits; but for these he had received enough and more than enough in his lifetime. So, I do not deny thy humanly good traits. But, I ask thee: Is it not easily possible that thou art receiving thy reward for these *in this life*, and that, consequently, it is foolish to hope for further reward in the future? So many forget this. They think themselves much too good for the place of torment, and overlook the fact that God allows them in this world to receive many good things in return for their goodness. Beloved hearers, why is it that many among you are better off than others? Why is it that this man or that man lives so much more comfortably and enjoys life so much more richly than thousands around him? Could it not be said of him: “Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.” In order to enter into eternal life, something higher is necessary than this little mortal goodness, which was not wanting in the rich man. He had neglected this higher something; therefore, his goodness was of no avail to him. We must look at that “better,” which stands above the “good” in this picture of him, and which he neglected. And what is that? About the same as that with which the Lord once charged the learned men and Pharisees. “Ye . . . have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith.”

He fares sumptuously every day and revels in the good things of God; but he does not consider that he is but a steward, who must some day give an account. He clothes himself with the finest fabrics from far countries, but does not think of his nakedness before God. He seeks the admiration of men, but forgets the judgment of heaven. In the same way he neglects true pity. Good-natured enough to allow Lazarus to

remain lying before his gate, but in this very act he is endlessly cruel to the afflicted man; he gives him no shelter, no attention. He sees him daily, covered with sores, but pours no drop of balsam into his wounds. For himself he is extravagant, for others niggardly. He clothes himself in purple, and leaves others naked. He is also unmerciful to his brothers, in spite of all his friendliness. His example draws them on, or keeps them in the way to destruction. Most wanting in piety, however, he shows himself to Lazarus, and *in him* to himself. In all of this careful nursing of his body he allows his own soul to languish, to starve, and he lays the foundation for that thirst which afterward consumes him. He neglects the true faith; he does not listen to Moses and the prophets, nor to the calls to repentance which God's long-suffering sends to him, nor to the silent sermon of God's undeserved goodness toward him, which is daily preached from the appealing looks of Lazarus. He does not regard the lesson of the irrational brutes (if we may regard their licking of Lazarus' sores as an expression of pity shaming to man), nor the sickness of Lazarus, which constantly holds before his eyes his own weakness, nor his death and the earnest warning in it. He remains a perverse fellow, who, even in eternity, contends with Abraham (v. 30), without penitence, without faith. For when he afterward confesses that his brothers are still unconverted, he acknowledges thereby that he himself has not yet repented, and that this has brought him to the place of torment. He has neglected the chief thing. Is it much better with us in this respect, dear souls? How often do we reflect upon the judgment of God, upon the garment of righteousness? Are we really pitying in our alms? Do we sufficiently put ourselves in the position of the needy, so that our inmost heart opens and softens, and we speak and act only from deepest pity? Art thou not liberal with thy wealth for honor, for displays for thyself and the honor of thy house, but miserly with thy wealth for charity. Oh, how much miserable miserliness goes often hand in hand with extravagance! Art thou merciful to those around thee? Dost thou not quietly allow them to wander to destruction? Are we merciful to our own soul? Do we give to it as much care as to our body? Do we listen to Moses and the prophets, and, above all, to Christ, the Lazarus beyond comparison, when he knocks at our door, full of wounds, thorn-crowned? Whenever this better part is neglected, then the way is downward, in spite of all good and external respectability. Then life is not a gathering together, but a constant scattering, in spite of all splendor and riches, a constant impoverishment.

Dost thou recognize in the *poor man's* way features similar to those in thy path of life? Hard above that of the rich man, our text unrolls a very different picture of life: "*And there*

was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores." What a contrast! Here we have external misery in its most desperate shape, wretchedness upon wretchedness. The man is poor, shelterless, sick, and covered with open sores which show themselves to the daylight; therefore, he is without the necessary clothing, without friends and comforters, for even those who bring him to the gate of the rich man *throw* him down as a disgusting burden to be gotten rid of, for this is literally the expressive meaning of the Greek word translated by the expression "was laid;" and even the few scraps from the rich man's table are disputed to him by the unclean dogs, for it is said that he was "desiring to be fed with the crumbs," and that "the dogs came," and, possibly, their licking of his wounds may have increased the pain of the helpless one. Behold this wretch, to whom every day and night brings only fresh torments. And yet the line of this life is pointing *upward* from the lowest depth. He is mentioned by name, the rich man is not; this points to a difference. How many names of poor suffering ones stand written bright in God's book, whilst many a brilliant name, on earth more often mentioned, is forever lost in darkness! Abraham, too, does not call the rich man, but Lazarus, by his own name—v. 26. The one had his genealogical tree only in this world; the other strikes his roots in the invisible world, and grows with his name up to the heavens. For even though he be not more nearly described as to his inner life, still his name is magnificent enough. Not in vain is he called Lazarus, that is to say, "God, my help"—"Gott-hilf." The less men pity him, the more he seeks his help in God. We hear no complaints from him over his misery. He does not complain of the hard-hearted rich man. He does not envy him. He stands—in strong contrast to him—satisfied with little; he desires only to be fed with the crumbs, nor does he complain even when he does not receive these. In such a condition and with such treatment, resignedly to remain silent points to a strength of patience which can only come from the very strongest trust in God. In our Lazarettos his name has been perpetuated. Oh, that in them the fullness of Lazarus' patience and trust in God may live on! The greater his misery, the more he longs for the rest of the people of God. The more completely he is deserted here below, the more earnestly he sighs to heaven, "God help," and with each such sigh his way is leading, unseen, upward.

Ye poor and needy, how rich ye still are when ye behold yourselves in this glass. Ye still retain the use of your limbs. Ye are not full of sores, not without shelter and clothing, and not altogether without friends and help. Are ye also thankful

for all that God, even in your need, has left to you? And when your bread for a time dwindles to crumbs, are ye satisfied with so little? Oh how rare nowadays is the spirit of Lazarus among the poor! How often do the needy seek to help themselves by force; how do they set their hopes, not humbly on the God of Help, but perversely on the overturning of existing things! But rather will I ask us all: When we shall be lying sick, will we also suffer so quietly and so free from envy? Why do we look only at those who are externally better off than we? Are then these rich fools really to be envied who are in reality constantly growing poorer? Let us rather look at those who are worse off than we, at Lazarus— that poorest of men—and learn of him. Or, when all men desert us, and even crumbs fail, can we look up trustingly to Him for help, who feedeth all the birds of the air? Alas, that I must ask such a question! Has not the love of God been revealed to us far differently than to the sufferers of the Old Testament? Has not the Father in Heaven received us as His children, even in baptism? And can any one be deserted who in faith looks up to so rich and careful a Father? How easy is it in Him, who for us became so poor that we through His poverty might become rich, who is the way, the road back into the Father's house for all lost ones; how easy is it, in Jesus Christ, even for the poorest, yes especially for the poorest, and especially in time of need and trouble, to direct through penitence and faith his path of life upward! Oh, that we might accustom ourselves, by this great difference in the way of life, not to look so exclusively at the exterior! Look at the rich man and Lazarus. They are very different from each other in all that is external in possessions and goods, in respect and influence, in strength and health, in the whole possibility of enjoying life; but they differ much more in the inner man: the one clinging to the earthly, lustful and foolish, vain and proud, and growing constantly more unfeeling, unmerciful, more set in his fleshly lusts; the other, hoping no more from time and this world, patiently suffering, looking on high for his deliverance, longing for rest in death. Which of the two dost thou resemble? Neither, entirely. But thy line of life has taken one or the other direction, either downward or upward. The former, when, with all outward goodness and respectability, that better and alone needful thing has been neglected—the true watchfulness over thyself and compassion for thyself and others have been omitted. The latter when, in the midst of misery, thou hast learned to seek that which is above, to yearn and strive for it, and when in faith thou puttest thy trust in the Lord, no matter whether friendly rays of summer brighten thy life, or much sorrow darkens thy path. External success is far from being evidence of this. Many a man is rich, and yet is a poor, longing Laza-

rus. Many a man is poor, and yet, in his way, as careless a prodigal and hard-hearted as the most extravagant and unmerciful rich man. The paths of life of two men may seem quite similar, and yet the one may be wandering toward life, the other toward death. Many a one journeys, in his heart, this upward path, although his external circumstances may seem its reverse. Therefore, let no one be offended at the differences in external goods and manner of living; but regard the differences in *men* and in the convictions of their hearts. This external inequality of men is truly great, even in our time. The complainings of the poor against the rich, of workmen against employers, is constantly growing louder and more threatening. Dear Christians, bear this in mind, the contrast of poor and rich has been since of old in the world, and will continue so, according to the words of the Lord: "For ye have the poor with you always;" for poverty is the fruit, not alone of mortal deeds, but of God's disposition or sufferance. God the Lord gives therein to mankind, and more especially to Christians, the great task of leveling these distinctions through love, and here is opened for us the possibility of countless good works. If any one possess more than thou, he is exposed to heavier temptations. Those words remain true: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Hast thou few goods and many wants, thy Christian humility shall serve thee all the more; thou shalt have all the greater power to receive the gospel, for "to the poor the gospel is preached."

Second. Let us look next into the world to come, at the equalizing inversion of the conditions of the pampered rich man and the silent, suffering poor man. There the difference shows itself still greater than on earth, and the justice of God comes brightly to light. See how the poor one has now become rich, how he has been raised up. Let us consider him first. "*And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels unto Abraham's bosom.*" How often had he longed for death; now the hour of his deliverance is striking. No one upon earth notices his death, no one misses him, except perhaps the dogs. But above, the death of His saints is precious to the Lord (Ps. cxvi: 15). Angels bestir themselves for him. If Death ever makes a gracious end to all want, he does it in the case of this poorest of men. He himself does not die, only his misery and his suffering body. His soul is very soon in blessed communion with the forefathers and with all the pious children of Israel in Paradise. On earth no one cared for him; now the angels are his servants. There, he lay sick upon the hard stones; now, he has Abraham's bosom for his resting-pillow, and receives exceeding comfort. All that his soul trustingly held fast in the midst of his earthly troubles, the

hope for the coming rest for the children of God, is now his own, for "hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom" (Epist. James ii: 5). See the equalizing justice of God, so clearly expressed in Abraham's words, "and likewise Lazarus did evil things in his life," "but now he is comforted." He had sowed much in tears, now he may reap in joy. Now the enigmas of his life solve themselves. Often could he not repress the question: "Why am I made to suffer above others?" Now everything is clear: the world and the earthly life were to be made bitter to him, in order that he might set his hopes on God and learn to long to be at rest with the saints. The petition, the prophecy of his name, "Help God," is now fulfilled. God has helped him and shown Himself to him a true God of covenant. Now he shall learn, the longer the more blessed, that the sufferings of this world are not to be considered in comparison to the glory which shall be revealed to us. Oh, holy path of God! when it leads us through many sorrows, apparently downward, but in reality upward. The narrower and more thorny the path, the more splendid the goal to which it leads. The more that this world owes us in friends and the fulfilling of our wishes, so much richer and more comforting is the adjustment in the other world. Well for us that we, as Christians, have a so much clearer insight into eternity and the mystery of its retribution, that we, in faith in the Sufferer of all sufferers, can utter the words, "through cross to crown," and find comfort in them, even here, for all the sufferings of this life.

How canst Thou be angry with us, for Thy truth cannot deny itself? The paths are sometimes crooked and yet straight, on which Thou ledest Thy children to Thee; it may seem often very strange, yet Thy high wisdom will be manifest in full triumph at last. And the rich man? His fate, too, shows the compensating inversion of the other world. Behold, how very poor he has become! "The rich man also died and was buried." Death certainly came unwished for to him. As one has said, "Oh, death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, to the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things;" whilst in the case of the poor man, the words are true which follow these, "Oh, death! acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age and is vexed with all things."

The same death, how different it appears to men, according as they approach the gates of eternity with or without hope! The rich man "was buried." A funeral ceremony full of pomp, the end of his magnificence, well suited to his past life, but how poorly suited to his beginning poverty. The burying of Lazarus is not mentioned. As his death was ne

great event for the world, so his funeral was of no great ceremony. Such paupers are buried in all stillness; no one troubles himself about them further. Now, the same earth covers them both; death has made all outward things equal between them, but only to create the greater difference. How fares it with the rich man? "And in hell" [or, more exactly, "in the lower world," "the realm of death"] "he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." How the parts have been changed. The richest man is at once changed into the poorest beggar, who begs and begs in vain for a drop of water, and suffers in his flame infinitely more than Lazarus once suffered with his sores. Let us consider his condition by itself, for our Lord has pictured this to us much more fully than his life on earth. He is in the place of punishment in the Kingdom of Death, not in the bottomless pit which shall open after the last judgment, but still on this side of it. But his pain is great enough, all the greater because the earthly life had brought him so little of suffering. We see in him, first of all: That a departed soul retains, even after death, a clear consciousness and distinct recollection—he recognizes Lazarus. This very recollection becomes a chief agent of his sufferings, of the unquenchable fire and of the undying worm: The sight of Lazarus must remind him of his great neglect, of his want of mercy, as afterward the recollection of his brothers reminds him, without doubt, of the bad example which he has set them. He sees Abraham above him, "afar off," in an entirely different place, and the long distance makes it painfully clear to him how little he had once followed in Abraham's footsteps, although he was his father, too. He is also reminded of Moses and the prophets—fresh misery. He must acknowledge that he has not obeyed them. No! the departed soul does not drink of the waters of forgetfulness, as the Greeks once dreamed, but recollection becomes so clear that even that which long ago has slumbered, awakes. "Son, remember," preaches everything here. Still more: We see in the case of this poor rich man, that his old sins and faults still continue to live in the future world. And whence should an inner change come? Only the form of existing has changed, the man, and his character is the same. He is still somewhat, conceited, and treats Lazarus as formerly, as if he still thought that he could dispose of him. He is still accustomed to judge every one by himself; therefore he does not credit Lazarus with enough forgetful love to have fulfilled his wish of his own accord without a command from Abraham, and turns himself therefore to Abraham. In his position are many others; therefore Abra-

ham speaks in the plural. Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence cannot." He sees that no one around him enjoys the refreshing waters which he begs for, and yet he hopes for an exception in his case because he is the rich, respected man, who once on earth had enjoyed every possible favor.

And just as on earth he had defied all the warnings of conscience, all the finger-pointings of God, so now he shows the same hard-necked defiance and spirit of contradiction, the same high-minded, irreverent desire of knowing better, even in the presence of Abraham, whom he yet calls father, and shows, too, probably, the same mixture of selfish designs with apparent, or possibly sincere, sympathy. 'I pray thee, therefore, Father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them lest they also come into this place of torment.' There may have been, to a certain extent, a natural pity in this, but it was certainly mingled with fear, lest his brothers should reproach him and thus increase his torment; and in this making of excuses for his brothers there lies at the same time a self-excusing, as though he had not been sufficiently warned in his father's house, as though he had never known of a place of torment. Hence the reproving answer, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." God does not accompany you in your journeyings. The revelation in His Scripture is fully sufficient for all; the regular service of the Word is sufficient to allow every one to find the way to life. How clearly is here the evangelical doctrine confirmed, of the all-sufficiency of the Holy Scripture. But the rich man will not admit that, just as at the present time many are not content with the preaching of the Church, although God, after Moses and the prophets, now speaks to us through His Son. "And he said, Nay, Father Abraham;" he still knows better than Abraham, and yet has betrayed himself so miserably; "but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent." He had refused to listen to Moses and the prophets in his lifetime, and still values their testimony but little, as insufficient, and acknowledges herein that he himself had not repented, nor would repent, and that he with justice is now in the place of torment. He shows no self-recognition, no true penitence, will not acknowledge his fault, does not examine himself, but casts the blame from himself upon his surroundings, upon Moses and the prophets, and upon God himself. Even now he is not willing to listen to Abraham; he wishes to play the master, and to his insinuating "Father" he receives no longer from Abraham the title "son," because he refuses even in torment to amend. His penitence and his inner man do not grow, only his despair; his poverty, his helplessness become ever more bottomless, as Abraham pronounces the final sentence over him: "If they hear not

Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded" (to penitence), "though one rose from the dead;" words which prove themselves only too true, in that very generation, not alone when that other Lazarus, he of Bethany, arose from death, and the high priests desired to kill him instead of believing in Jesus (John xii: 10); but much more when the Son of God Himself sent the witnesses of His resurrection to His people. To him who does not hear Moses and the prophets, the Risen One, the whole tidings of the eternal life, it may even now become as a fable.

The rich man must now forever be silent; nothing more remains to him except his sin and its bitter fruits, a warning example that he who dies in his sins shall awake again with his sins in the other world. And this is the condition of a lost soul *before* the judgment; what may then await him *after* the judgment-day. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear! Appears to thee the torment too great? Consider the divine justice in this award. Abraham declares it from the very first: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." The good things which his soul appreciated he had really received and enjoyed, and with them he had received a rich reward for any possible human goodness in this life. But he had been unwilling to refresh and satisfy his soul; now he cannot do it, but is tormented. His whole life long he had thirsted always for fresh pleasures; now that thirst which had been so long cultivated has seized him and consumes him, because there is no longer the possibility of satisfying it. With his tongue this glutton had particularly offended; and now in the midst of this great heat it suffers most from that burning thirst, for even the departed appear, according to Scripture, not to lead a perfectly bodyless and fully naked soul-life. Often enough had Lazarus appealed to him in vain for crumbs; and now he is refused even a little drop of water. He had enjoyed his large earthly possessions without reflecting; and now he must find that he cannot enjoy even a drop of water without God's mercy. The unmerciful man had always thought only of himself; and now no one comes to his aid in the midst of his merciless torments. He had once luxuriated to excess, from day to day; and now he must do without that which droppeth down from heaven into the lap even of the poorest—must utterly wither and languish. Once he proudly passed by the poor believers and children of God; now he is separated by a great gulf from them. In the flesh he had sown; from the flesh he receives destruction. He had carelessly thrown away the precious lifetime, could scarcely enjoy it rapidly enough; now each minute of his torments stretches itself out to an eternity. Oh,

holy justice of God ; how completely it atones for the inequities of this life by the rewarding and punishing compensation of the future world ! How promptly does it render true, even to the smallest detail, the words, "Wherewith a man sins, therewith shall he be punished." The poorest one has now become infinitely rich, the rich man indescribably poor and miserable. Now our earthly allotments are rendered perfectly clear in the light of the other world, and the enigmas of the varied paths of life solve themselves altogether.

Therefore, he who loses faith in the future life and its recompenses, loses the key to the comprehension of this life. To him the hidden questions of life become confused, and he must doubt the final victory of a holy, recompensing justice. Let us therefore believe, as we look upon this torment, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What would the poor lost soul not give if he could but recall one single day, and could sow otherwise for eternity ? Thou hast yet a "to-day !" and belongest thou to his brethren ? Alas ! he has many more than five of them, everywhere, perhaps among us, who are like him ? Oh, let him to-day not have sighed in vain before thee ! "I am tormented in this flame." Everything for which he begs has already been granted in a much higher sense to thee ; One has arisen from the dead and has testified to thee, that Man of Sorrows, who also bore thy sores, the Conqueror of Death, and He sends to thee, in the word of to-day, His warning and threatening message : "For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy" (James ii : 13), but "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy (Matt. v : 7). Amen.

Divine Anatomy.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Thomas Armitage, D D.,** NEW YORK.

*The word of God is living, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. And there is no creature that is not manifest in His sight: but all things are naked and opened to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.—Heb. iv: 12, 13.**

THERE are two great topics in preaching which never fail to interest the mind: God and man. Man ever loves to hear of his origin and destiny, of his relations to his Maker, and his Maker's feelings toward him. The theme, therefore, which this uncommon passage presses upon our consideration, cannot fail to impress us, because it covers all these vital points and their issues. Could the all-searching Jehovah come nearer to us than He does in these words, in which He proposes to put the most concealed and secret parts of our person and being under the processes of a searching anatomy? His purpose is to lay the most distant recesses of our constitution bare to His inspection and our own, that we may unmistakably discover our relations to Him, to the truth, and to ourselves, in all their various bearings. The three great branches which man loves to study in himself are his organization, his vital functions, and his moral and intellectual powers. His physical structure is the subject of anatomy, a science which covers all the divisions of his body, while metaphysics cover the operations of his mind and will, and physiology reveals the various motions and actions of the vital organs of his body. What we call anatomy of the body—from words which mean, in the Greek, “to cut through,” and “up,” or cutting through or up—is a science which has revealed man's body to himself in detail, and therefore always commands his interest. As anatomy is the basis of medical science, it guides both the eye and the hand of the surgeon, and inspires him with a ready confidence to search among the most delicate structures, whose lesion would be mortal. A vessel must be tied, or a tumor extirpated, the seat of diseases revealed, the changes in form, size and relation of the organs ascertained, and the texture of morbid bodies proved, so that the most scrupulous and dextrous handling is demanded. As a science, anatomy also excites the greatest curiosity. The botanist is eager to ascertain the character of a flower, and the mineralogist the nature of a stone—so eager that they undertake wearisome journeys and dangerous voy-

* [The text is printed as rendered by the speaker.—ED.]

ages to enrich their love of science with a new species, and this does not surprise us. Much less does that ardor which pursues the study of man, this masterpiece of creation, whose structure, formed in such nicety and strength, displays perfection in its parts and harmony in its whole. The marvelous organization, prearranged with such wisdom that no single fibre can bear the slightest addition or diminution of power without introducing disorder and destroying its exact equilibrium, naturally excites all intelligent men to exclaim with Galen, that a work on anatomy is the most beautiful hymn which man can chant in honor of his Creator. The first step toward the dissection of the human body was taken very early, in the anatomy of vegetables and animals, in what is called "comparative anatomy." The ancient priests found it necessary to inspect the internal structure of their sacrifices, for the purpose of discovering any blemishes or defects, from disease or malformation, which should condemn the victims as imperfect oblations, and so they came to gain considerable accurate knowledge of the animal economy. The human form was first dissected about 300 B. C., the subjects being the bodies of criminals; and thus by slow degrees, from that time downward, the existence of the nervous system, the circulation of the blood, the functions of the heart and the character of the brain, with a thousand other discoveries, have been found at the point of the knife and under the power of the microscope, and have been of invaluable service to the painter, the sculptor and the theologian, as well as to the surgeon and physician. This practical work of the dissecting-room has become vital to the true interests of humanity.

Its slow but minute findings have substituted certainty for theory, and knowledge for tradition, and the text-books of to-day lay as clearly before the student all the unseen operations of the recesses of life as the pencil and chisel of Da Vinci, Raphael or Angelo, in their anatomy, brought out the study of superficial muscle and bones. So thoroughly has anatomical work been reduced to a system, that the human body is apportioned out to it under all its appropriate branches—general and special, surgical and topographical—till every region, organ and component part of the body is subject to its operations for the beneficial, and even benevolent, uses of man.

Now, my text claims that what the scalpel does in laying bare the secret workings of the animal economy, the Word of God does in exposing the secret life of the moral nature. In God's anatomy upon the human heart, His word is whetted to the keenest edge—is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing, dividing, laying bare the thoughts and intents of the heart, till all things in it are naked and open to the sight of Him with whom we have to do. Not only does it assume to discern or

discover the things that are perceptible to sense, but to pierce into and analyze the deepest thought and the subtlest intent that lurks in the breast; and then not only to draw a distinctive line, but to insert the blade, without the shade of a hair's breadth of uncertainty, between the joints and the marrow, piercing even to the dividing of things as invisible as soul and spirit. Chrysostom is disposed to translate the word rendered "naked" by *excoriata*, as if to carry with it the metaphor of taking a hide from a beast, so that its reeking frame has no covering left. And as if this were not enough, the apostle adds the word "opened," because he would express the act of cutting up the inward parts, so that nothing escapes God's eye in His anatomy of man's heart. In His dissection He passes the blade between the flesh and the spirit—the sinews and the veins—bringing to light all the hidden things of darkness—kenning those very secrets which are masked and veiled from human perception. This is Paul's picture, one of those vivid, tissuey plates, by which he illustrates the art of Divine anatomy. Look at this soul-science:

I.—IN ITS SUBJECT. "*The Heart.*" Sometimes in art the most forcible of all pictures appeal to a nervous or morbid vision—pictures from which we cannot but shrink because of their deathly pallor and ghastly contortions. Of this class are the head of Holofernes held up by the gory locks, and the head of John the Baptist brought, at the demand of Herodias, on a dish. We are interested in their study only because the subjects are human, but because cruelly human they are brutal, and shock the best elements of our nature. With totally different feelings do we approach "Rembrandt's Anatomical Lesson," because of the vital mysteries which it reveals in man's breast. Ruskin says of this master, that he has made "a spotted shell altogether sublime by broad truth and large ideality of light and shade." But in this "Lesson" he has risen with his subject from the shell to the grander theme of the man who tramples it underfoot. There lies on the table before you the truest type of physical manhood in the image of death. The vitals of the chest are exposed to keen inspection; the professor of the mystical science is coolly but nervously tracing his way, by the point of his knife, through all the labyrinths of the cavity—your eye seizes upon fleshy fibre and severed vessel, upon artery and exposed ventricular, contracted auricular and chilled muscle—and his class of startled students are crowded about him and his subject, with a peering inquiry, an enthusiastic discovery, which tells you that they can at once see, and hear, and feel the great springs of life in motion, for that the rosy blood is yet coursing through its tubes, and mysterious life is still in pulsation throughout each member of the curious machinery. No wonder that they are startled into an ecstatic bliss and the expres-

sion of every feeling that the face can utter, for each one, while gazing on the pallid subject, casts an introspective glance into his own breast, as the glowing conviction steals through it, telling him that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made." But the subject of dissection, which the inspired hand of Paul presents in my text, takes us beyond the cavity where that bundle of muscles called the heart contracts seventy times in a minute, and at each contraction propels two ounces of blood, by a force which keeps the current of life in a perpetual circulation to the extremities. It carries us into the regions where the bosom of the soul heaves, and the life of the spirit throbs, and the breathings of thought are heard, and the movements of intent are deciphered. What an anatomical subject is this for a holy God to handle! When God binds an immaterial and ethereal human soul to the dissecting-table of truth, and proceeds to send the penetrations of his flaming eye into all its dark corners, as He said of ancient Jerusalem, "I will search it with a lighted candle," every vapory essence of the soul is illuminated by His gaze, just as the noontide sun threads through the tissues of a quivering mist. Realm after realm in the spirit are ransacked, explored and laid bare, till the whole inner nature becomes an open book. What chambers are so dark and deep as those caverns where man's inner nature revels in all the wild confusion of thought, passion, inclination, sensibility, purpose and resolution!

My text presents Jehovah as cleaving a thought in twain here, unraveling an intent to tatters yonder, disjoining an emotion now, and then piercing to the very marrow of a fugitive imagination. These are the terrible thoughts which my text forces upon you when it talks about the sundered joints of a soul and the exposed marrow of a spirit. No elemental subtilty can parallel the embryo of a "thought," the formings of an "intent." Their celerity is swifter than lightning, and their threads are more snarled and tangled than Absalom's hair on the oak bough. Man's soul is never in repose. He generates thoughts like the sands of the sea, and they are just as diversified as his faculties and as versatile as his dispositions. He pores over his impressions. His thoughts burrow in his brain. His sensibilities take wings. The pinions of hope carry him into zones of fancied delight, or they drop him into despair and sink him into the Slough of Despond. A breath stimulates his blood, or a shadow unnerves him. One moment, all is as transparent to him as a crystal, and the next, perception is deceptive, memory fallacious, fancy distracted, judgment incorrect, and reason false; till his soul's operations become an interwoven phenomena that is perfectly inextricable. He is the subject of sympathies and antipathies which are unaccountable, so that his will is made the slave of his senses. Like Vincent, the painter, he will faint at the fragrance of a

rose; or, like Erasmus, fall into a fever at the smell of a fish; or, like Nicanor, swoon when he hears a flute. He becomes fascinated under the spell of a nervous sensibility, or distracted with the idea of himself. At times his soul asks, What is this invisible, vital fluid which I call my life? What is this electric principle, this touch, this breath, this warmth, this aroma of health, which trembles and flutters within me? His courage, his eloquence, his energy, his fanaticism make every chord of his life vibrate, as under the spell of a harpist's hand. Or an enchantment waves over him, and at once the coward rushes into the battle, the timid dares to attempt all peril, and the humane dips his hand in blood. Example moves him like the power of a magnet; he is elevated by the ascendancy of others till, under a powerful contagion, he casts his reason aside, determined, without cause, to emulate martyrs and heroes. Where the *stimulus* of imitation leaves him, the propensities of instinct find him, and then animal wants press him. Physical repulsions and attractions convert him into a chemical laboratory, where acids and alkalies, carbon and oxygen, minerals and magnetism make him their sport. Hunger attacks him, and poverty and wanness,—pestilence and the living skeleton follow him and consign him to agonizing misery; and in turn, these are followed by all the alarming portents which are created by his *moral* powers.

Selfishness asserts itself, frivolity and vagrant fancies float idly through the mind, loose ideas of duty multiply themselves in the most unmeaning, unprofitable, unapplied way, and with ungovernable rapidity, because the imagination will act when conscience and judgment decline their duty. Thus the hope of soul-life is converted into a dream, having neither taste nor energy for moral pursuits; and being left without religious resources, either in the intellect or affections, it is literally left without God; and as a soul is made for God, but refusing to yield itself to the purposes of its maker, it is necessarily "without hope in the world." The whole history of humanity shows that minds ignorant of God yield at once to the force of sensual impressions; and that because the brain and nerves, when not governed by divine light, are predisposed to obey whatever impulse a corrupt heart sends forth. On that very point Luther says, "When the soul is busied with grievous cogitations, the body must partake of the same. When cares, sorrows and passions do exceed, then they weaken the body, which without the soul is dead, or, like a horse, without one to rule it. But when the heart is at rest and quiet, then it taketh care of the body. Whoso is possessed with these trials should in no case be alone nor hide himself, and so bite and torment himself with his and the devil's cogitations and possessings." And our Lord de-

clares the same thing when He says : " Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," which, of course, control the body and manifest themselves in " adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, wantonness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come forth from within, and defile the man without." Thus the heart, with its " thoughts and intents," is anatomatized and laid open to the eye of God, and its gigantic tyrannies over man's whole being, by lust, passion, affection and appetite, are laid bare, as if God had put it upon a platter and dissected it by the very fibre ; " for all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Now look at God's anatomy,

II.—IN ITS BENEVOLENCE. God dissects a man's heart only to remove from it all foreign and abnormal substances ; cleaves it only to expose, and exposes only to remove disease and save life. No sight on earth is so painful as that of a skillful surgeon, whose mind is strung up to the highest tension, till his nerve is as steady as the magnetic needle, and his judgment is as cool as the North to which it points, and in this frame operating upon a suffering patient. It appears to an unthinking mind like the height of heartlessness for him to grasp the knife firmly, and, without a twinge or wince, almost at one stroke sever the joint at the socket, or lay bare the bone and pierce to the marrow. Yet no act of benevolence on earth is greater than the act of the skillful anatomist in cutting off the right hand, or plucking out the right eye, or removing a deadly tumor. And the more direct, accurate and cool the act on his part, the better for the sufferer, the lighter his torture, and the surer his cure. All that a man has will he give for his life, and when gangrene threatens, so that mortality has already seized a limb or other member of the body, it is better that the part be promptly amputated than that the whole body should perish. The self-possessed and skillful operator does not revel in the clinic, and hack poor tortured humanity for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Neither does our Lord practice the agonizing anatomy of truth upon us for the purposes of torment and alarm, but that we may be saved. At Pentecost, Peter plied the charge of murder upon " the thoughts and intents of the Jewish heart as coolly, as skillfully, as benevolently as Galen, or Harvey, or Hunter would use the scalpel. And as the two-edged sword was thrust home, " they were pierced to the heart, and cried, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" But that day three thousand of that perverse generation were saved : a work betokening the most astonishing art in applying the truth in its strength, and simplicity, and dignity. No surgical instrument can arouse the dormant energies of a perverted system so quickly and thoroughly as the home-thrusts of God's Word. And the most benevolent con-

sideration in this case is that the subject of the pain, as well as the inflictor of the wound, feels its need, sees its reasonableness, and becomes grateful for its exercise. The Word of God is not simply an impending smart in the nature of a tortuous threat. The elder Dionysius was a tyrant, and, according to Cicero, Damocles of Syracuse was one of his courtiers and flatterers, and fond withal of regal luxury. His master, to rebuke him, prepared a sumptuous feast for him, but as he sat at the table a sharp sword was suspended over his head by a single hair. But in God's anatomy of the heart no such unworthy tricks are resorted to; rather benefits and blessings are conferred. The apostle gives us a most pertinent case in point. He supposes the Church at Corinth assembled, when an infidel comes into the place and listens to the miraculous exercise of unknown tongues—each one of the saints speaking a foreign language which he had not learned—till the medley of loud, indecorous sounds converted the room into a Babel; so that the Apostle asks, "Will he not say that ye are mad?" But immediately a second infidel comes in while the Church is listening to prophecy, that is, to the preaching of the gospel, holding up Christ, enforcing some heart-searching doctrine or truth, which goes like a dagger to the sealed grot of the heart; laying bare the man's breast to his own inspection; making him reel with the faintness of death and swoon under the loss of his own blood as it flows from the wound, till, as the apostle puts the fact, "He is convicted by all, he is judged by all; the secrets of his heart are made manifest; and so, falling on his face, he will worship God, reporting that God is in truth among you." This shows that God's anatomy is greater than miracles, because His word is living and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing of soul and spirit.

You see that there is not only the *power of division in the Word of God*—"dividing the joints from the marrow"—but there is the *power of discernment* as well. This implement is "sharper than any two-edged sword." John, on Patmos, in recording the vision which he had of the risen Redeemer, describes the searching power of His address by the same phraseology—"Out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword." In plain terms, a "two-edged sword" which He had tempered, and forged, and polished to a keenness that will do effectual execution upon those gossamer nerves which ramify through an invisible spirit by lines which an angel's eye cannot see, and which the searching eye of God alone can trace; but which a sinner may discern, when God's knife lays them bare, as plainly as you could gaze upon the monstrous withs which lift the brawny arms of Samson. Bring this blade out of its scabbard and let Jehovah push it when His strong right arm is made so bare that not one fold of His vesture shall bind it, and the man who writhes

under its double edge when it is cutting the joint one way and the marrow the other—sundering the “intents and thoughts of the heart” by the truth to the thousandth part of a hair’s breadth—will find his corruptions stirred, his affections and lusts bleeding, the veins of his soul and spirit gurgling as if he was staggering under his deathblow, and will exclaim, as David did of Goliath’s sword, “There is none like it.” There have been many “sharp, two-edged swords” in the earth, subjected, like the Damascus blade, to all ingenious temperings; but Paul says that this Jerusalem instrument is “sharper than *any*” of them. David also says, “The entrance of Thy voice giveth light”—as if “the sword of the spirit had eyes in it to inspect wherever it penetrates.” Shakespeare talks about the “mind’s eye,” which flashes through all the sensations and actions of the soul like lightning, and reveals to man’s own consciousness all that God has detected within him, by piercing deep below the surface to the very aggregating point where all human life meets. There is life in the Word. It is “living,” and therefore “powerful,” to inflict acute sensibility in every spot which it touches, and thus it is self-evidencing. Certain historic things need corroborating evidence outside of themselves, but other things are self-evident. The sun tells of its own light, and you cannot well prove it; your pulse tells of your own life, and you cannot demonstrate it by reasoning. So here, the Word of God, like a keen critic and detector, shows you to yourselves. Instinctively, the man whose spirit is laid bare by the knife of divine dissection, confesses that everything within him is brought to light with such exactitude that the Word reads his thought better than he knows it himself, and searches, in broad daylight, those parts of his nature which he hardly knew to exist. So deeply and sagaciously did a word from Christ penetrate into the soul of the Samaritan woman, that it opened her whole history to her at one gash like a knife, and she exclaims of Jesus that He had “told her all things that ever she did.” Every hidden feature and lurking peculiarity, however intricate, or deeply imbedded in her breast, were laid bare in their hiding places, and shown to herself as clearly as if she saw her portrait in a glass.

And now, my hearers, what man in this assembly has the courage this morning to raise his eye, and, looking into the face of the great Anatomist, say: “Search me, Oh God! and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me”? Who will have the radical deceitfulness of his own heart probed to-day? “Who will have every subterfuge explored, every false excuse disquieted, all the soul-cheating and all the lying vanities of the spirit counted, one by one, till they perfectly tally with the honest count of God’s eye?” Do you invite the great Detector now

to lay bare the treachery, the alienation, the obstinacy and the callousness of the heart, by one dissecting stroke? Or will you clothe yourselves in thick armor, to ward off the knife of the Anatomist? Nay; forbid it! Let Him rather cut to the very quick, that you may escape your terrible danger. What, if the exposure shall exhibit to yourselves a startling moral deformity, leaving a proud, worldly-minded, presumptuous heart gasping and shuddering before your eyes, your own conscience meanwhile accusing you? Let the deadness of the conscience and the wickedness of the heart attest to you, as no reasoning can, the divinity of the gospel in its self-evident power. An agency which outlines yourself to yourself, and searches you through and through, by such a soul-inquisition, cannot be of tradition, cannot be of superstition, cannot be of deception. Such piercings are not of earthly origin; they make the gospel its own witness. Such cut-and-thrust truths as these come not of the dull and blunt instruments which tear and mangle, but never artfully disjoint and divide. No; if you would be satisfied that the Maker of your wonderful and mystic soul and the Author of the Word of God are one, let this two-edged sword operate upon all your internal inveteracy, gashing the very core of disease, cutting up by the very root all your cancerous tissues, till you shall see yourself as God sees you—a dissected one, bleeding at every pore, severed only to be healed, dissected only that oil and balm may be poured in. Such divine anatomy will evince to you the divine wisdom and love of Him who cleaves a spirit by the sword with two edges. Amen.

Respect for the Truth.

A DISCOURSE

By **Père Hyacinthe**, IN THE WINTER CIRCUS, PARIS, APRIL 15, 1877.

[Translated from the French by Leonard Woolsey Bacon.]

I AM deeply affected in view of this great audience, this cordial reception. I rise once more to speak in my own country, in France, after eight years of silence and exile, after the war, the council, the revolutions of my own life. There have been great ruins wrought in the midst of us; but the hour of destruction is passed; that of reconstruction is drawing nigh; and, for my part, I do not fear. I have never feared for the two causes which I have always served—the cause of Christianity and the cause of France.

I miss, indeed, the vaulted roof of Notre Dame; but, whatever our religious or philosophical convictions, I feel that we have all of us earnestness enough and power enough in our consciences to consecrate this room, and turn it into a temple.

Understand, my friends, I am not here to speak to you of religion. I would fain have done so. I have retained, in its fullness and its intensity, the old, genuine, Catholic faith. I am still a Catholic. I am still a priest. My enemies often remind me of this, telling me that the priesthood is something indelible, not to be effaced either in time or in eternity. I know this; more, I feel it! And because I am a priest, I would have been glad to lift up my voice untrammelled in the midst of my country, and say aloud what so many priests—so many thousands of priests, to my knowledge—and so many thousands of Catholics silently think, but cannot utter.

Yes, indeed, I had wished to speak of religion. But it has not been permitted me, and I know how to render to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.*

But morality is a holy thing, and in my esteem the two sanctuaries in which it dwells are the chief of all—the conscience of the individual and the home of the family. What, indeed, is this morality of which I am to speak? A morality without God? I honor and respect those who sincerely maintain the possibility of such a system of morals; but I do not share in the least either their principles or their methods. To my mind, morality has its origin in the Absolute, living and personal—

* Under the rigorous laws limiting the liberty of public meeting in France, this discourse had been permitted only on condition that it was not to trench either on religion or on politics, but **only on morality**.

that is, in God ; and when this morality is complete it has a name of its own—it is Christian morality.

It is well understood, then, that I am not to treat of Catholic dogmas, nor enter into religious controversy ; but I am to speak freely of morality—Christian morality.

I come, then, to my subject—Respect for Truth.

Respect for truth is the foundation of all morality. For what is morality but righteousness ? and what is righteousness but truth in practice—truth, in man's relations with himself and his fellow-men, translated into action ? I repeat it, then : Respect for truth is the very basis of moral order.

I shall not attempt to treat this subject under its loftiest aspect and on its positive side. I shall regard it rather on its negative side. This study is not the less practical ; for, if we know the chief obstacles in the way of the kingdom of truth and righteousness among men, we shall have all the more light and strength to oppose and overcome them.

The power by which truth is assailed in this world is error, or—if I may give it its Bible name—lying. In the Bible this word is used in a sense much wider, more philosophical, more profound than its ordinary sense in common language. Lying, in the Bible sense, is any infringement upon the truth, whatever the form or the instrument of it ; by thought and act, as well as by word ; any infringement on the truth, not only when conscious, and therefore guilty, but also when involuntary and irresponsible. It is in this general sense, I warn you from the outset, that I shall use the word when I shall have occasion. I judge no man's conscience, not even my own. I leave it to the Supreme Judge to penetrate the reins and the heart.

"Man," says La Bruyere, "is a born liar;" and explains himself a little further on by saying that "all the passions are mendacious." Man is a born liar ; and yet he bears in the sacred depths of his nature an instinctive and irrepressible love for truth. But it costs something to tell the truth, it costs still more to practice it ; and so it comes about that man, the slave of his passions, prefers lies. Nothing more universal than the horror of lying ; nothing, at the same time, rarer than a practical and constant respect for the truth. All the passions are liars. The first of these great liars is vanity—I do not say pride, for when in view of some act of his a man loses his self-respect, at least with reference to this act, he still clings to the idea of holding the respect of others. He is shut up, then, to this alternative—to reform or to lie. Reformation costs too much ; lying apparently costs less. He covers himself, then, with the mask of dissimulation ; and inasmuch as human life is governed by an implacable logic, one dissimulation leads to another, and so, from consequence to consequence, some lives become one perpetual disguise. Oh, how many men are going through exist-

ence in a mask!—men whose real features have never been seen, perhaps even once, by their nearest intimates—men whose real faces are not known to their own wives and children!

Another passion that causes the violation of the respect due to truth is ambition—ambition under all its forms, desire of power, of riches, of pleasure. Ah, gentlemen, when I contemplate the natural man—depraved man, as you will rather call him—man not yet brought by Christianity, or at least by a high, sincere and practical spiritual life, into subjection to the laws of righteousness and love, I am compelled to own that the law of our race is none other than the law of the lower races—the law of a struggle for existence. . . Only there is this difference between barbarous and civilized society: in barbarous society the struggle for existence shows itself in violence and murder, and we must apply to it the famous expression of Hobbes, “Man is a wolf to his neighbor,” *homo homini lupus*; in civilized society, at least, ordinarily, excepting the great conflict of nations on the battle-field, the struggle for existence takes another shape, and its instrument is cunning. We have to change the phrase, and write, *Homo homini vulpes*—“Man is a fox to his neighbor.” This is the spirit of all diplomacy, whether of public or of private life; in both, language is given to man, not to express but to disguise his thought. In a single day of human activity, in one of our great, industrious communities, how many offences against truth! In the products of manufacture, the bargains of commerce, the management of estates, even in the exercise of the liberal professions—everywhere, be it in competition for places, or in the rivalry of manufactures—you will find abundance of lies, either spoken or acted; and this, not only in men of no principle or of bad principles, but in men who are in other respects upright. It is a sort of fatality which clings not to this great civilization of which we are so justly proud, but to the abuses almost inseparable from it.

Passing now from private life to public, we find man again (for he is the same everywhere) with this innate love of truth and justice, and subject to this solicitation of the passions which draws him aside from them.

There are three great powers that govern public life in our western democracies—the press, public opinion, and the suffrage. I honor them, for I have learned from the apostle that “all power is of God,” and these are certainly not less directly from Him than that of the Roman Cæsar before whom Saint Paul did reverence. I honor them, but I do not flatter them; I have always esteemed it the highest mark of respect that could be given to a man or an institution, to tell them the simple truth. I will not speak of popular suffrage, not that it does not lay hold by all its fibres upon morality—and upon the greatest of all moralities, upon social morals—but because I do

not wish to approach, however remotely, the domain of politics. As to the press and public opinion, they present a series of the most complicated actions and reactions. Which of the two acts the more powerfully—public opinion on the press, or the press on public opinion? In some countries, those most advanced in national liberty, it is opinion that makes the press. In others it is the press that creates opinion. However this may be, if these two instruments of light and progress deserve our gratitude in a multitude of cases, it must be confessed that they are changed only too often into instruments of falsehood.

What maturity of thought, what austerity of conscience, what elevation, and sometimes what heroism of sentiments are required for the conduct of a newspaper, especially on the part of those which address the masses, above all on the part of those which claim to deal with the interests of the soul and of religion! Now I ask of the press of Europe, is there not occasion for a serious act of self-examination, as to the respect due to truth and the respect due to conscience, especially the conscience of that sovereign who, like the absolute monarchs of old, is not without his courtiers and flatterers—the people? I say no more.

I would fain quit these earthly regions in which human activity is displayed in the struggles of private and public life, and rise with you into what used to be spoken of as the august and peaceful temples—*templa serena*—into those spheres of art and science which are now-a-days so agitated and disturbed.

Art, my dear friends, is not only the assemblage of those marvels which we know under the names of architecture, sculpture, painting, music—music the great modern art, the democratic art. If I remember aright, it was a remark of Victor Hugo, thirty years ago, that music dates from the sixteenth century. But it has had to wait for the nineteenth to enter into its kingdom. I am speaking not only of these great and beneficent manifestations of the mind and heart of man. The poet, also, and the prose author, if he is a great author, have a right to the rank of artist, and consequently I use the word art for every expression of the beautiful in sensible form. And yet the beautiful is not the supreme law of art, because, if the beautiful radiates into form, it is itself a radiation from a loftier focus. We have to come back to the definition of the greatest of philosophers, Plato, that the beautiful is the splendor of the true. The object of art, then, is to express and, as far as possible, to popularize the splendor of intellectual and moral truth. To this it owes its kingship, I had almost said its priesthood. Oh, if the mission of the journalist is great, speaking the truth on men and things to the common people who read none but him, how much greater is the mission of the

artist, especially in these communities so consumed with feverish activity of material industry and the ceaseless agitations of politics? How great and important is the mission of these providential men, placed a little below the true priesthood of the ministers of religion, and in so intimate a connection with it, themselves bearing a like responsibility, to lift up the eyes and the hearts of men toward an unseen and better world, and upon the altar of the beautiful, but the beautiful through the true and for the good, the flame of the eternal ideal, and to shield it from the blast of every earthly wind!

Now, the first error committed in the name of art and against art is that of certain masters, of whom, in other respects, I would gladly call myself a disciple. And yet I think it my right and my duty to declare to the face of genius itself what I believe to be the truth. The error of which I speak consists in giving to art no other object than itself. It is what has been called, these few years past, the doctrine of art for art's sake. It seems to consecrate the independence and supremacy of art; in reality, it contains the germs of its decline. For if the only object of art is to produce new forms, if it does not stand related, as I was just saying, to a higher ideal of moral truth and goodness, it has only a petty part to play, and artists will soon become nothing better than purveyors of public amusement.

But no! art is too great a thing, and even in its departures from its proper sphere it will refuse to come down to so vulgar a level. If artists consent to be reckoned among the mere amusers of the soul, they will, even though they mean it not, become its corrupters; for they will hold it under various spells of influence, all alike potent—between the disappointing visions of an ideal without reality, and the debased representations of a realism without morality or inspiration.

This is the second falsehood of art in connection with the first, and they may be summed up together in this formula: that human life has no other object than its own emotions, and human art none other than its own forms.

I go further, and I point out some of the particular points in which a part of our poets and our philosophic romancers—even when their intentions are generous, as I freely own that they sometimes are—have only too often given testimony against the truth. What means this justification, this glorification of adultery, as opposed to the prosy virtue of faithful wedded love? What means this rehabilitation of the harlot? A strange theory this, that represents a purity of heart unknown to our sisters and our daughters, making its refuge in the dens of vice! And then it is skepticism which is set before us as the proper trait of superior minds; doubt, that terrible, sometimes sublime anguish of the mind, but which is none

the less a morbid state (for man is not made to pass his life between yea and nay, without power either to affirm or to deny); doubt is paraded before us as the loftiest and most delicate homage that can be rendered to that truth—which is alike desirable for us and incapable of being apprehended by us; blasphemy at last breaks out, in the moment of deepest passion, as the most heroic and the most religious utterance of the soul! Ah! there may be talent, genius, sometimes, I repeat it, a generous inspiration. But the inspiration, the talent, the genius thus applied are corrupted and corrupting. Doubtless, so far as concerns the personal responsibility of the author, it is of grave importance not to fall into such error except unconsciously, involuntarily, and with the intention of being faithful to a noble principle. But what difference does this make to society that suffers from this dissimulation of the truth? What difference does it make to the consciences of the multitude that are thus perverted? I have become blind, and in this state I take away the sight of my fellowman. It is not my fault. I am not responsible. But are we any the less deprived of the blessed light of day?

Error, even when it is guiltless, even when it is generous, is none the less error. When it has done its work, we have to cry, with the Psalmist, "The truth has failed from among the children of men."* And how much sadder is it when we are forced to add, that the truth has failed by the act of those very persons whose duty it was, whose purpose it was, to strengthen the truth.

From art let us pass to science—I mean the sciences of nature and of history. Our age—and this is one of its glories—has won for these two branches of knowledge greater progress, perhaps, than all preceding ages taken together. The progress made is incontestable, and it is prodigious. Whence arises (for I continue to treat the subject from the negative rather than the positive side), whence arises this growing antagonism, now so sharp, between science and faith? Are they not both necessary to the soul? At whatever point of view we stand, whether we are cultivating psychology, or (to use the new word) sociology, whether we study the life of man or the life of society, we come back to this conclusion: science is necessary, and so is faith. Explain the fact as you will; we may differ about the explanation, but there is the fact. Men are so made that, setting aside the exceptions, the noble exceptions as well as the hideous ones (for there are both kind), as a general rule, they cannot dispense with either science or faith.

Now it is a fact that the antagonism between science and faith goes on increasing, or rather (for we must be just, and I do not

* Psalm xii : 1. *Vulgate Version.*

wish to be drawn by the current of discourse into that failure of exact truth against which I am warning you), rather between a party of the representatives of science and a party of the representatives of faith. Why is it? because each party gives an extravagant interpretation of science or of revelation. To take an example: A great hypothesis has been brought forward—evolutionism, or, as it is commonly called, Darwinism. It has facts in its favor; it has more facts against it—so, at least, it seems to me. For my part, let me say, at the outset, I am no evolutionist. But what ought to be the mutual attitude of scientists and theologians in this great debate? The scientists were bound to give the new theory an honorable place among hypotheses. Hypotheses are among the elements of science, and even when they are not destined to become certainties, even when they are to be remanded some time to the category of things doubtful or of things decidedly false, they have nevertheless a useful, an honorable, a glorious part in the labors of science. It was necessary, then, whatever school one belonged to, to admit evolutionism as a hypothesis.

Now, the first mistake, and a grave mistake it was, was when one body of scientists immediately set up this hypothesis for a certainty. The second mistake, which was graver yet, was when this same party deduced from evolutionism consequences which it does not at all involve, as if before the light of Darwin Christianity and all religion were to vanish like ghosts!

And now, what did the theologians do? You know what many of them have done. They have not even discussed the question; they have flung insults. Then, yielding to the force of an old habit that has become a second nature with them, they have appealed to the secular arm. Neither of these was wanted—neither insult nor force. What was wanted was simply to establish what some of the scientific men had failed to see—that evolutionism was thus far only a hypothesis, and a hypothesis opposed by many and weighty facts. It was important above all, to withstand with energy the false deductions that were made from it. It was important to say that, even if it were certain that it is doubtful whether all species are not derived one from another by successive and progressive evolutions, it would not be less needful, at the starting-point of these evolutions, where we find the poor cellule which contains within itself the world's future, to admit a supreme intelligence, an infinite power, a genius more potent to create the laws of the world than human geniuses to expound them. It was important to interrogate that Bible which men defend without reading it; to show how God, according to the primeval writer, follows in the order of creation the same law of progress, and under the symbolic but truthful form of the book of Genesis, rises from glory to glory up to the crowning glory—

that is, man. It was important to show how He does this; not by evoking one creature after another out of nonentity, but in producing them by His thought out of pre-existent matter, making the earth bring forth animals, the water fishes, until He comes to what we may call the last work of creation, at least on this planet—the coronation of being—in you and me! It was important to explain that our greatness does not lie in our physical origin, but in our moral nature; that it is a small matter to own that we are descended from a monkey, when the Bible gives a viler ancestor yet—the dust of the earth! Whether it be organic or inorganic matter, living or inanimate, is of small account to me. At a certain period—a moment that marks the true beginning of our race—there passed upon this matter a breath, an inspiration, a germ of conscience and reason. It was no longer earth, no longer flesh, but man made in the image and likeness of Jehovah. This it is that compels us to be religious, that at last it may make us immortal.

You see it is neither science nor religion that is on trial, but the abuse that men have made of both. It is the prejudices, the systems, and the mutual passions of scientists and theologians that have brought about this formidable conflict, in which the human mind has gained nothing at all, and the peace of society has lost so much.

I have not spoken of philosophy. There is no such thing now-a-days. The first of human sciences, that of the mind, has been ostracized in the name of the sciences that call themselves positive. And where philosophy still survives, it has found its final expression—no, I am wrong; the future has better things in store for us than this morbid hour through which we are passing—but it has found its momentary solution in the darkest and bitterest pessimism. Ask of Germany, so proud of her terrible victories on the battle-field, so unconscious of her still more terrible defeats in the arena of thought, Where is the great Leibnitz? To come down lower, where is Kant, or Schelling, or Hegel? Germany answers by Hartmann and Schopenhauer, that is, by the philosophy of the unknowable—the philosophy of despair. At the opening of this century German philosophy was religion, within the too narrow limits of the reason, but resting on the unquestioned foundation of the conscience. A little later it was idealism, but gilded still by the reflections of a Christianity more or less hazy. In either case it contemplated the indefinite perfection of the race and of the world. This is all put aside now, and in the philosophic books most in vogue on the other side of the Rhine, we are told: “Life is an evil. Blessed is he who does not exist! blessed is he, who, at least, has no knowledge or consciousness of his existence! Life is pain and disappoint-

ment. Ah, give up looking for anything better in another world—there is none! Give up the hope of anything better on this earth in the course of ages—the earth will still be what it is, or worse! Only humanity will grow wiser, and, growing old, will quit its day dreams! It will learn to aspire only after absolute repose in endless annihilation!” This is what we are told. I have done nothing but translate.

There comes to my mind a definition of the bliss of glorified spirits given by the great Augustine. Would you know what is the bliss of consummate souls? It is the joy that is born of truth—*gaudium de veritate conceptum*—because truth is light, peace, happiness, the thrill of life. But error is desperately, incurably sad. This is a trait by which those who have not the time to study philosophic statements can distinguish practically between the true and the false.

My friends, this power of error of which I have had so much to say, tracing it from private life to the very summits of science and religion; this power which does not wholly reside in man—thanks to God, and thanks to man, also!—but with which, after all, we have to reckon, has been personified by the gospel in a proud, subtle and rebellious spirit. It calls him the prince of this world, and the Christ has defined him by two words: “He is a liar and the father of it,” and “He is a murderer from the beginning.” I take this definition as the expression of a super-human fact, because I believe in revelation. Those who do not believe may at least accept it as a profoundly philosophical symbol. This power of error, which is striving to subjugate the world, has two characteristics: it perverts the truth and propagates lies, and, at the same time it destroys or enfeebles the life. Error is a murderer, for truth is the real life of man. You know the saying of Descartes, that grand genius, at once so French and so Christian: “I think, therefore I am.” He that does not think, does not exist. Man’s life is in his thought, and, consequently, in that which gives its worth to thought—in the truth. And this life of the truth, without which, stricken to death in his mind, man is as if he were not, is linked to the life of the Supreme Being—to the life of God, if we may be permitted thus to speak by that shallow or distracted theology which scorns the profoundly metaphysical doctrine of the Trinity. How can we define the essential constitution of the nature of the Infinite, of the Absolute, living and personal? It is not force, not love; it is truth. God is God because He thinks Himself, and because, thinking Himself, He thinks the world in His Word, His Reason, His eternal *Logos*. Now, he that slays the truth in man, aims his murderous blow, as it were, at the Supreme Being. Falsehood, then, is a murderer from the beginning, and if it ever should gain dominion over our race—which it never will—it would have a tomb for a throne and corpses for its subjects.

I have only a few words more to say. The division of the subject seems to me essential to a clear treatment of it, especially when it is so complex as in the present case. We have seen in what direction and by what processes error extends its vast net-work over consciences, over institutions, over the whole of humanity. Now let me say in a few words what it is that upholds and would tend to perpetuate its dominion, but remember that he whom I have called, in the words of Jesus Christ, the prince of this world, is sooner or later to be cast out.

What! in view of facts so disastrous, both to the individual and to the race, under the stroke of such consequences, shall there be no generous reaction of the conscience? What! are we never to break the power of that sword which slays the soul with a lie? Nay, this reaction exists, always and everywhere, for the glory of human nature; but it comes to view most of all in great crises of national history. And yet, hitherto it has done its work but imperfectly, because it has come into collision with two obstacles that tend to perpetuate the power gained by error: I mean the claim of infallibility, and the fear of martyrdom.

As to the claim of infallibility—don't be afraid; I have no disposition to touch the question of the infallibility of the Pope—Pius IX, who believes in it himself, has defined it. I do not submit to it, I need not say; but I think that in defining it, he has only proclaimed, under a mystical form, a certain vague and imperious tendency in the depth of men's hearts—of yours, my friends, and mine, for we all claim to be infallible. There is no man in the exercise of power, in whatever sphere, the family, the school, the community, as well as in the church, who does not mean to exercise it without mistake or fault.

And what is true of power is also true of liberty, which is only one form of authority; for when liberty is exercised, it confers a real authority on those toward whom it is exercised. If I have rights, you have duties; consequently, my liberty implies a substantial authority.

Well, then, if the representatives of liberty and the representatives of authority have, with rare exceptions, a strong tendency to infallibility, are there many who resist this tendency? I do not assert, I only ask. Are there many husbands who do not think themselves infallible in their relation to their wives? St. Paul has well said that "the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church;" but we need not interpret this too literally. Are there many parents that do not think themselves infallible in the education of their children? There is good reason for not owning all one's mistakes in family government to the children, but one might at least own them to himself. Infallibility of masters

toward their servants, of employers toward their hands, of professors toward their students, of authors toward their readers! We witness now-a-days some extraordinary changes of opinion—some of the most sudden and inexplicable transformations of sentiment. It is the natural course of the development of thought. St. Augustine wrote—and it was one of his noblest books—his Book of Retractions. It was sincere; for speaking now of retractions, I do not refer to those which are extorted from a feeble conscience under the pressure of power, whether it be secular power or an overweening spiritual power. Such retractions as these, even when they are made by intelligent minds and hearts in other respects generous, are honorable neither to those on whom they are imposed, nor to the truth which repudiates them.

But there are retractions of another sort. When, confronted with the truth, we find ourselves in the wrong, we are bound to say wherein we are in the wrong, and just how far, and how we have come to find out our mistake. There is nothing simpler than this, and nothing nobler—and nothing rarer.

You understand now what I mean by the claim of infallibility. It is a transmitted claim. In the individual it is transmitted from youth to manhood. Manhood, to be sure, clothes the errors which it receives from youth in cooler, more thoughtful, more tenable forms, but it holds them like an inheritance. It hands them on in its turn to old age, and old age carries them with it to the grave—nay, rather, it bequeaths them to the generation following—bequeaths them as a sacred trust to its honor, its filial piety, so that in the very radiance of that inward light that enlightens and condemns us, we deem ourselves bound in conscience and affection to continue, not the sacred traditions of our fathers, but their traditions of error and infallibility.

Thus it is that the kingdom of lies is kept up among men. Ah! the world, the false world, the world that Jesus never loved, if it were to look to-day upon the disciple of the Pharisee Gamaliel, stricken down in the dust of the road amid the noon-day light, and rising up an apostle of the Christ, a confessor of the God of truth, the world would say to Paul, "You are an apostate!" The world likes a hypocrite better than a convert. Much has been said, and justly—I subscribe to it with both hands—of the cynicism of apostasy. It is all very well when you are speaking of apostasy in deed; but to complete, we must speak of another cynicism more frequent, more pernicious, more damnable—the cynicism of hypocrisy.

And now as to the fear of martyrdom. This is the second cause that maintains and perpetuates the usurping reign of falsehood. A friend of mine has told me that, years ago, on the quiet and enchanting shores of the Lago Maggiore, he met for the first time Rosmini Serbati, one of the most illustrious

philosophers of our time, a Catholic priest and at the same time an Italian patriot, two characters more compatible, in certain circumstances, than some people think. He went to Rosmini and said to him, with youthful simplicity and ardor, "I want to love the truth!" "Young man," answered the philosopher, "to love the truth is to love martyrdom." Doubtless we have got past the days of Nero and Diocletian. Doubtless, whatever we may hear from the two extremes of opinion, we shall never again be shut up to choose between the Inquisition and the Reign of Terror.

A man from whom, now that he is dead I shall not be divided, as, notwithstanding our divergences of sentiment, I was not divided from him in his life—the Count de Montalembert—said at the Catholic Congress of Malines, amid the enthusiastic applause of Catholics, as Catholics were then: "The Spanish inquisitor saying to the heretic, 'The truth, or death!' is as odious to me as the French Terrorist saying to my grandfather, 'Liberty and fraternity, or death.' The conscience of mankind has a right to demand that such hideous alternatives shall never again be offered."

When, then, I speak of martyrdom, I do not refer to Nero or Diocletian, or their imitators, under whatever form or name. There is another martyrdom than that. Rosmini was right; there is a martyrdom that does not rack the limbs, nor spill the blood, nor burn the flesh. And yet, is it not a torture that touches flesh and blood and soul, to rend away from one, for the testimony of the truth, parents, friends, affections not less old than life and far more dear, since, being taken away, they leave life without delight, if not without force? Is it not exile to feel oneself a stranger, misunderstood, shut out from influence, among one's fellow-citizens? Is it not proscription to be assailed with outrage and hatred by those you have most dearly loved—to hear the shameless insult yelping unrebuked at the dearest, the purest of all that belongs to you in the world—to know the cowardly calumny that dogs your every step, and to which you can no more reply than the decent man can answer the strolling woman that calls after him in the public streets?

Is not that the deepest and most grievous of martyrdoms which extorts the tears that Augustine calls tears of blood—*sanguis quidam animæ*—which inflicts the unseen wounds that never heal, the racking of the mind, the dislocation of the faculties—the reason and the conscience from the memory and the affections? Gather up before you for a moment the sacrifices demanded sometimes all at once by the simple testimony of the truth, and you have an idea, a feeble idea of the ravages of that sword of the Word of God which wounds those who do not flee from it into a refuge of lies, and which pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit!

Such is the martyrdom that must be met and borne by those who would do homage to the truth, who would protest against the error which holds dominion, in religion over fanatic consciences, in worldly affairs over selfish interests.

I remember a saying of Voltaire—there are some great sayings of his, but this is not one of them—he wrote to a friend: “I have a great taste for truth, but not the slightest relish for martyrdom.” The Voltaire of that letter, the Voltaire of that hour (and it was not the only hour of the kind), has many disciples, even among those who execrate him.

I have done. I have shown you the two causes which tend to perpetuate the kingdom of lies, or, at least, of error in human society: aspiration for infallibility, and fear of martyrdom. But before I leave this platform, where you have given me so generous a hearing, after all the shadows I have cast over your soul and over mine, I wish once more to declare my profound conviction that, thanks to the reason and conscience of man, and thanks above all to God’s work in the world, righteousness and truth shall get the victory!

There appeared, one day, in Judea, before the tribunal of justice, a man charged with wishing to make himself king. Interrogated by the magistrate, he confessed the crime, but with an explanation. His kingdom was not of this world. It depended not on the spears of soldiers, but on the testimony of the truth. “Thou sayest it. I am a king. To this end was I born; for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth.” Then Pilate asked, “What is truth?” and without awaiting the answer, which he deemed impossible to his skeptic question, he withdrew to quiet the mob. Thenceforth the strange personage before him seemed to him no longer worthy of serious consideration. He costumed him like a tragedy-king, and gave him up to the honors of the guard-room, a crown of thorns on his head, for sceptre a reed trembling in his hand, and his crimson blood mingling on his shoulders, under the soldiers’ scourge, with the crimson of the cast-off rags of royalty.

From the hands of a magistrate without conscience, the man, who called himself King of the truth, fell into the hands of a people without reason. He was dragged to a hill-top and nailed to a slave’s gibbet. But with a last surviving scruple of justice, Pilate wrote above His head His royal title: *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*.

And there He died. And there He reigns.

And I, in fellowship with all Christians complete in faith and knowledge, do worship Him because bearing witness to the truth. He feared not to make Himself one with the truth, saying that wonderful word, “*I am the Truth*.” I worship Him; but if you have not yet attained to this, you may at least admire,

recognizing in Him—what is no light thing to do, but much graver, perhaps, than you think—the model for mankind. Like Him, then, whoever we may be, of whatever rank or condition, of whatever religious or philosophic creed ; if we hold fast our own integrity, if we keep the respect of our own conscience, if we maintain the honor due to truth and righteousness, it is our right and our duty to say, “To this end was I born, for this cause am I come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth.” At cost of our interest, at cost of our repose, at cost of life, at cost of what is dearer than life—of honor and affection, through evil report and good report, it matters not, to this end are we born, for this cause are we come into the world. And when the truth shall have come into its kingdom, not only in the eternal world, but here, in time and on the earth ; when the reign of reason and religion shall be ushered in—the reign of righteousness and peace ; when the hour shall strike for the peaceful embrace of authority and liberty, now at last reconciled ; when the great harmony shall be accomplished of all that men have sought so long and so vainly to put asunder, then they that have lived and died for the truth shall share from above in its triumph ; for its triumph shall be their triumph, and they shall reign with it and by it, and they shall be blessed.

God In Natural Law.

DELIVERED AT THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY BY Rev. Joseph Cook.

SUPPOSE that to-morrow morning the sun should rise, inscribed across its face in letters brighter than its own light, and such as to be visible throughout the illumined half of the world, with the words: "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts, who was, who is, and who is to come." Let this inscription be made intelligible in all languages and among all nations. One would think that under that awful light, as it passed over the continents and seas, and from people to people, the dusky tribes of heathendom would quit their idols at once; that, in the high marts of civilization, avarice, malice and dishonesty, serpents writhing colossal in the hollow streets as in caves, would wither to ashes; that literature, politics and art, on all their frozen hills, would feel the approach of a vernal season beneath this touch of supernatural fire; and that before the slanting rays had passed thrice around the globe, they would have peeled from off the burdened world something of the ulcerous growths of sin, and in time would turn into another channel the course of the dolorous and accursed ages.

To those who see with the secret eyes of science the sun is thus inscribed; and not the sun only, but every natural object—the seas, the mountains, the forest arches, every lowliest violet, the human frame.

Jonathan Edwards compared the relation of the material universe to the Infinite Will with that of the image of an object in a mirror to the rays of light flowing from the object and producing the image. As the reflected picture is constantly sustained by a flow of rays precisely like the rays which first caused it to appear, so the material universe is constantly sustained by a flow of omnipresent acts of the Divine Will precisely like the acts by which it was created. As the rays flow through and build and are the image, so God's will flows through and builds and is natural law. Just this was the teaching of Aristotle and Kant and Leibnitz and Newton and Cuvier and Hamilton. Just this is the latest word of the Agassizs and Herschels and Farradays and Humboldts. Just this is now the doctrine not only of mental science, but of physical science. Just this is that open secret which throws the Goethes and Richters and Carlyles and Brownings and Tennysons, and ought to throw the whole world, into a trance.

As light fills and yet transcends the rainbow, so God fills and yet transcends all natural law. According to scientific Theism, we are equally sure of the Divine Immanency in all Nature,

and of the Divine Transcendency beyond it. Pantheism, however, with immeasurably narrower horizons, asserts that natural law and God are one ; and thus, at its best, it teaches but one-half the truth, namely, the Divine Immanency, and not the Divine Transcendency. Christian Theism, in the name of the Scientific Method, teaches both. While you are ready to admit that every pulsation of the colors seven in the rainbow is light, you yet remember well that all the pulsations taken together do not constitute the whole of light. Solar radiance billows away to all points of the compass. Your bow is bent above only one-quarter of the horizon. So scientific Theism supposes that the whole universe, or finite existence in its widest range, is filled by the Infinite Omnipresent Will, as the bow is filled with light, and this in such a sense that we may say that natural law is God, who was, who is, and who is to come. In the incontrovertible scientific certainty of the Divine Immanency, we may feel ourselves transfigured, as truly as any poetic pantheist ever felt himself to be when lifted to his highest possible mount of vision. But, beyond all that, Christian Theism affirms that God, knowable but unfathomable, incomprehensible but not inapprehensible, billows away beyond all that we call infinities and eternities, as light beyond the rainbow. While He is in all finite mind and matter as light is in the colors seven, He is as different from finite mind and matter as is the moon from a narrow band of color on the azure. Asserting the Divine Transcendency side by side with the Divine Immanency, religious science escapes on the one hand the self-contradictions and narrowness of pantheism, and attains on the other, by the cold precision of exact research, a plane of thought as much higher than that of materialism as the seventh heaven is loftier than the platform of the insect or the worm.

I am to speak on the proofs from science of the Divine Omnipresence, or in support of the propositions :

1. That matter cannot originate force or motion.
2. That all force in natural law originates outside of matter—that is, in mind.
3. That natural law is simply the fixed, regular, stated method of the Divine action.

The reasoning by which science arrives at the conclusion that the Divine mind can be absent from literally no point of space, is simple. It is very clear. It is very short. Any one can comprehend it who will recollect what the commonest text-books mean when they teach that matter is inert—that is, that it cannot move itself. I suppose that there is not a schoolroom in the land in which the elements of either physics or metaphysics are taught, where I could not to-day find primary books asserting the proposition that inertia is one of the properties of matter, as one of the first letters in the alphabet of estab-

lished science. I am neither affirming nor denying the doctrine known as that of second causes. I assert only what is called among men of science the spiritual origin of force. This is held both by those who affirm and by those who deny the existence of second causes. It is a doctrine in the support of which all accredited scholarship is agreed.

The first proposition, then, by which established science proves the Divine Omnipresence is that only two things exist in the universe—matter and mind. No one doubts that there is no third thing. We never saw, felt, heard, or tasted anything which was not either matter or mind. The human thought finds by the microscope, among things near and minute, no evidence of the existence of anything which is not matter or mind; and by the telescope, among things distant and vast, nothing which is not the one or the other. Even the materialist who holds that only matter exists, does not doubt that there is no third thing, for he holds that there is no second thing. So the idealist who holds that only mind exists does not doubt that there is no third thing, for he holds there is no second thing. We, who, on the testimony of the necessary beliefs, hold that matter and mind both exist, do not doubt that there is no third thing. It is an immemorial proverb of philosophy that there is no *tertium quid*.

The second proposition is that matter is inert, that is, it cannot originate force or motion. We know mind as something which can move itself. We know matter as something which cannot. The boulders which we saw in the fields in our childhood lie now where they did then, unless they have been moved by some power outside of themselves. We are as certain of this as we can be of any inference from universal experience. I do not assert that matter may not possess active chemical properties among its natural qualities. I assert simply that matter cannot *originate* force. What is force? That which is expended in producing or resisting motion. The definition which I venture to give of inertia is the incapacity to originate force. Mind originates both force and motion. Matter originates neither. If matter possess force, it not only did not originate this force at the creation, it does not originate it at the present instant. All force and motion in matter must have at every moment their ultimate source outside of matter, otherwise matter can move itself; and that it cannot do this is a part of our positive knowledge. Very noteworthy is the fact that the latest and subtlest and yet superficial materialism like Tyndall's, which attributes to matter the power to originate force, does so and can do so only after it has given to matter a wholly new definition and what it vaguely calls a spiritual side. Prof. Bain, however, who leads the acutest and most recent

materialism, admits that matter is inert, and cannot originate force.

The third proposition is the conclusion from the two propositions that only matter and mind exist in the universe and that matter is inert, namely, that all force and motion in matter must have not only a past and remote, but a present and immediate origin in mind.

At what, then, do we arrive? The constellations are matter. Matter cannot move itself. But they move. They do not move by our mind's agency. But since all force originates in will, they must be moved by a mind. We begin to see the transcendent importance of the conclusion. The earth in infinite space sleeps on its soft-spinning axle. It is matter. It does not move itself. But it moves now and here with a force immeasurable by human imagination. Our globe's motion must, at this moment, originate in a mind. "It is but reasonable," says Sir John Herschell, "to regard gravity as the present effort of a will." We begin to see the unspeakable religious value of this doctrine of exact science. The spiritual origin of Force is a scientific phrase which transfigures itself before us and begins to flame from within.

Two men are in a room: one is handcuffed and fettered; or, to make the comparison more complete, let us say paralyzed. Now, suppose some beautiful work of art is brought into existence in that room. It would be very certain that the work of art was made by the man who was not paralyzed. The universe is such a room. There are only two things in it—matter and mind. But matter is handcuffed. The works of art which the universe contains must be the present product of mind.

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, names three instruments of Holy Living, the discussion of which forms the three chief divisions of his book. They are the Care of our Time, Purity of Intention, and the Practice of the Presence of God. It may be said that the last of these divisions includes the former, since if it be secured they will follow of themselves. Not long since, on a December morning, there passed under the giant hills of Northern New York, for a few seconds, the shock of an earthquake. At modern Ogdensburg a dancing party broke up, and left their halls for their homes, and for places to pray. A knot of gamblers dropped their cards, looked into each other's faces, and sought spots of refuge. It is very proverbial that in a shipwreck the profane pray; that when a summer storm, at night, drooping low and tipped with electric fire, swirls thundering from league to league, the inhabitants of a whole region are overawed; that on a death-bed, even the flintiest heart is, to some extent, softened. But what is the common element in all these

classes of instances that has such efficiency to overpower the soul? It is, of course, a sense of the Divine Omnipresence. God is almost visibly near on the other side of the curtain of the storm, the hungry foam, the reeling landscape, the last instant of physical life. If, now, the same sense of the Divine Omnipresence, which at these times lifts us out of ourselves, and wrenches our wills momentarily into submission to our consciences, we could bind constantly upon our foreheads, we should start up electric, empowered for religious activity as if the air were full of the glancing wings and rustling prostration of the innumerable company of the Unseen, and as if we saw that Infinite Supreme whom no man can see and live.

But the power of the sense of the Divine Omnipresence as a motive, no more requires illustration than our need of the influence of that motive. It, and it only, can lay such a restraining hand upon our secret hours as shall throttle the enemies that assail us when alone. What the atmosphere is to the physical life, that a sense of the Divine Omnipresence is to secret prayer. Ambition, self-interest, the love of enterprise, as motives, in some of the greatest crises of life, ebb from under the soul and leave it stranded; a sense of the Divine Omnipresence is the only motive that wears, and that is capable of flooding the highest harbor bar of temptation. and carrying the soul fully out to sea.

But the proof, the proof! The proof from science.

You have in your room, on the mantel, let us suppose, a clock and an ivy plant. The clock is a piece of skillful mechanism, in which every detail is designed with the purpose of effecting a measurement of time. But it is made of inert matter. Its component parts are wood, and brass, and steel. Did the clock put itself together? Certainly not.

But the ivy plant is a piece of mechanism. The toothed wheels of the clock are not as wonderful exhibitions of mechanical skill as its toothed leaves. The most intricate work in the clock is not comparable for an instant in point of ingenuity of structure with the cells, the endlessly reticulated veins, the bursting buds of the plant. But the ivy is made up of matter. Did it put itself together? Assuredly not.

But you say that the ivy grows from a seed and the clock does not. Suppose that the clock were constructed with such wonderful interior mechanism that after running for a certain length of time it should put out through the apertures in the dial-plate little wheels, a minute chain and spring, a little dial-plate and little hands, and that these should be put into order by the machinery of the first clock, and form a complete miniature time-piece; and suppose that this little clock should then gradually enlarge until it attained the size of its parent. Would the fact that the clock thus produced another clock make it

any the less certain that it did not put itself together? On the contrary, the more wonderful its mechanism, the greater would be the certainty that it did not originate in any of the powers of inert matter. But the ivy plant does produce a seed, and in that seed are folded the miniature root and stem and plumule of a new plant. Is this fact any reduction of the evidence that the ivy did not put itself together? On the contrary, it emphasizes that evidence.

But you say that the ivy grows by natural law and that the clock does not. I come here upon an objection turning upon the indistinctness of meaning attached in common speech to certain leading words. There is nothing, I believe, which does more to obscure the grandeur of the objects of science and to fill the mind with the views of an indefinite materialism, than the vagueness, as ordinarily used, of the terms of "nature" and "law." What is a natural law? Or, rather, taking one part of the phrase at a time, let us ask, What is a law? The answer is that a law is the method of operation of some force. Now what force is capable of producing this result which we call an ivy-plant? Evidently only a force possessing intelligence. But does matter possess intelligence? Various properties and forces have been attributed to matter, but since the world began no philosopher of enduring reputation ever attributed intelligence and the power of choice to it. But, whatever else concerning it may be uncertain, one point is sure, that the force which is capable of producing the result we call nature, must possess intelligence and the power of choice. That force, then, cannot reside in matter. It must reside in mind. It must at this instant and at every instant be exerted by mind. That mind is omnipresent in natural law. What, then, is natural law? It is, to speak literally and without figure, the present thought of the Deity. It is the method of action of the Omnipresent Infinite Will. So that this ivy plant, growing on the wall, is as really at this instant God's present work as a painting of the ivy, growing before your eyes, on the canvass of a painter, beneath the pencil of the artist, would be the artist's present work. I believe this. I am not presenting poetry, but one of the deductions of exact science.

"The universe," says Dr. Carpenter, "is not governed by law, but according to law." Darwin adopts, as the motto of his *Origin of Species*, Archbishop Butler's famous assertions that "the only distinct meaning of the word natural is stated, fixed, settled," and "that it as much requires an intelligent agent to effect anything statedly, fixedly, regularly, that is, naturally, as to effect it for once only, or supernaturally."

I have supposed it to be objected, in the first place, that the ivy grows from a seed, and that the clock does not; and, in

the second place, that the ivy grows by natural law and that the clock does not. It may be objected, in the third place, that, as the clock was made, wound up and allowed to run as a machine, so the ivy plant may have been made, wound up and allowed to run as a machine. As the impulse of the hand of the maker of the clock is not needed to move it when once it is constructed and set in motion, so the impulse of the hand of the Maker of the universe may not be needed after it has once been created and set in motion. It then runs by its own laws, and is a machine. God is, indeed, according to this objection, needed to create the ivy plant and the universe; but, once created, they act without His aid, by the laws imposed upon them at the outset.

This objection, I need not say, is entirely irreconcilable with what we have just proved as to the nature of natural law. It is in conflict with the fundamental proposition that matter does not possess intelligence and the power of choice.

But there is another reply to the objection which causes the comparison of the universe to a machine to fall apart at every link. The clock does, indeed, run after the hand of its maker is withdrawn from it. But it runs by the operation of a law of gravitation existing outside of itself. The weights descend and the pendulum vibrates in obedience to that law. Nature is outside of the human machine, and is the force which moves it. No machine made by man has its motive power within itself. The mill-wheel turns under the weight of falling water which the heat of the sun has lifted by the law of evaporation into the air and the law of gravitation draws down again. A necklace of pearls, let us suppose, is sent from India to a European Queen. It is conveyed upon railroads over which the natural laws of steam drag loaded trains. It everywhere moves in grooves prepared for it, and those grooves are natural laws. Now, the difference between nature and every human machine is that every human machine runs by natural law which is outside of it, but there is no nature outside of nature itself for nature to run by. Outside of the clock is the law of gravitation moving it; but outside of the law of gravitation is no second law of gravitation moving it. Outside of the mill-wheel is the falling water, itself the motive wheel; but outside of the wheel of the universe is no second wheel. Every human machine runs in grooves of natural law lying back of it. But nature, by its very definition, includes the totality of created things. There is nothing back of nature. Behind nature there is no second nature presenting grooves for nature to run by. You cannot send nature by express.

This comparison of the universe to a watch wound up and allowed to run, is a very old one; it expresses the theory

underlying many of the vague popular conceptions of nature ; in the last century it had a prominent place in some of the half atheistic speculations put forward in France and Germany. In the light of clear ideas it will not bear an instant's examination ; and it is now everywhere abandoned by scholars. It is what Carlyle calls the idea of "an absentee God, sitting, ever since the first Sabbath, on the outside of His creation, seeing it go."

It may be objected, in the fourth place, that although the ivy plant is not a machine, and although the properties of the particles composing it cannot originate in matter, and must, therefore, be constantly upheld by the Omnipresent Infinite Will, yet these properties, when thus upheld, are enough to account for the structure and growth of the plant. In other words, although an omnipresent mediate agency of the Infinite Will be proved, it does not follow that there is in nature any example of the immediate agency of that Will. God acts, it is said, only through the forces and tendencies of matter ; His will touches the world omnipresently, indeed, in second causes, and these causes, without His will, cannot exist for an instant ; but His will always operates through them ; in no case does it touch the world naked and bare.

In this last objection we have the subtlest form of the evolution hypothesis. As a short reply, let me say that evolution cannot be greater than involution. Every change must have an adequate cause. If a certain effect comes out of your process of evolution, an adequate cause went into your process of involution. Your loom picks out from raw material various parts, weaves them together and throws out a web. You know very well that there can nothing come out here that does not go in there. You say a peculiar pattern comes out. But it went in when the loom was made ; and although you do not see the pattern there in the same form in which we see it here, yet in substance it is there in the arrangement of the parts of the loom and of the unwoven threads. Everything that comes out here goes in there. If anything comes out on the one side of the loom that does not go in on the other, then something has come into existence without cause. But every event must have a cause. That is a first truth. That is an axiom. That is an unalterable, self-evident proposition. Therefore we say that even if everything has been evolved, we know there is mind behind the process of evolution, because mind has been evolved in that process. You cannot draw out of evolution what you did not put in. I am an involutionist first and an evolutionist afterward. Of necessity, evolution implies an evolver ; a development a developer. Just this is Darwin's proposition. It is Gray's. It is Dana's. Their teaching as to evolution does not at all affect our confidence in the Divine

Omnipresence, for God, if theistic evolution be the true explanation of all things, is omnipresent in the process of development. We read that there are states of the nervous system in which a man by an act of will can make a material object move without touching it. I have yonder a letter from a friend, and according to the statements of some men of science there is a possible condition of the will and of the nerves in which I can cause that letter to move toward me by merely willing that it should. I am no mesmerist, but there are curious facts concerning the power of human will over mere matter. Now, what if God mesmerizes all things? What if He fills the universe by the magnetization of Orion and the Pleiades, and of these trees and of yonder great lakes, and of all that moves and breathes and lives, as my little will fills that paper for an instant? Can you say I am not in that paper? Can you say God is not in the universe, even if He is in it only in this way? What if natural law be only the magnetization of all matter by God's will? He yet was and is and is to come, omnipresent, first, midst, last.

But I wish you to remember that the word "collocation" is the ghost which most frightens the evolutionary philosophers of the materialistic school. They say that the chemical and other properties of matter are sufficient to account for the way in which the hand and eye are put together, but this they never have proved. The latest form of evolution asserts that God makes the types, but that they print themselves without external aid. It admits that He marks on the different pieces of metal the letters of the alphabet; but it says that when He has done that His work is over. Chance has tossed up the alphabet in immense numbers of types. Chance has boxed them this way and that, and at last they have come down and printed "*Paradise Lost*," Homer's "*Iliad*," the Constitution of the United States, and the Declaration of Independence. God made the types; oh, yes; but the law of the survival of the fittest tossed them to and fro, and after an infinite number of hap-hazard falls they have printed you and me. Now, that is what I call the topsy-turvy philosophy. You know Topsy said she "'Spected she growed." The dicer's philosophy is a topsy-turvy style of accounting for the printing of the "*Iliad*," the Constitution, and yourself and myself. Let us test this scheme of thought by the scientific method, that is, by a merciless application of the self-evident truth that every change must have an adequate cause, and that involution, therefore, must equal evolution.

In the prairies yonder, near Adrian, Michigan, the figure of a night-hawk is traced on the ancient verdant acres by the mounds of that forgotten and unknown race which once may have peopled the lost Atlantis between North and South

America. Over against this night-hawk there is outlined an Indian with a spear balanced at the bird.

When George Bancroft wrote the first volume of his history of the United States, it was not known that the mound-builders had left traces of themselves in the Mississippi Valley, and Bancroft asserted that there were no ancient ruins of man's work left on the shores of the father of waters. It was supposed that the swirl of the icebergs in some geological period, and the drifting of curious currents, had made these mounds. What now if a man should seriously adhere to that theory, and try to explain the night-hawk and Indian by the fortuitous swirl of icebergs and waters? What if he should come forward and remind us that Newton taught that we must not multiply causes without necessity. It is barely possible the night-hawk and Indian might have been made in that way, and, if it is possible, we have no right to bring in the supposition of an intelligent agent. He quotes Haeckel, and something of Huxley. He can quote nothing of Charles Darwin, but he cites large name after large name to us, and if we are humble, average men, we may be startled and puzzled by his assertion; and yet we know that any man who should seriously believe that those figures were drawn by the fortuitous swirl of icebergs and the drifting of waters, ought to be sent to the lunatic ward, and this simply because he makes evolution insanely larger than involution. Here are intelligent results brought out, and somewhere mind must have gone in, for there cannot be a change without a cause, and a cause in which involution is equal to evolution. Here are intelligent tracteries on the prairie, and as intelligence comes out, somewhere intelligence assuredly went in.

But, my friends, if we believe this concerning the poor earth-works, what shall we say of the living night-hawk here in the edge of the evening flying above the prairie, and of your Indian miraculously alive pointing his spear at the bird. You know those tracteries were produced by intelligence; but Huxley comes here, and Spencer and Haeckel, and although Darwin stands there and objects, these lesser men, the extremists in the school of evolution, undertake to tell us that the living night-hawk came from one just behind him not quite like him; and that one from one behind him not quite like him, and so back to the jelly speck. Where did the jelly speck come from? Why, that came from the fortuitous concourse of atoms or spontaneous generation. The first speck of really living matter arose by some turmoil of forces in a cooling planet. We must not multiply causes without necessity. *Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate*. What if I were to talk Latin here? I could convince you all that I am right. There is an amazing capacity on the part of the average humble man to be mystified on this sub-

ject. We have a reverence for trained thought, and when with sufficiently numerous technical terms a specialist comes forward, tells you that the living night-hawk came at the last analysis from the swirl of icebergs and the drift of waters, you go away perhaps thinking that it did, and that God must be left out of sight. Now for that *you* ought to be sent to the lunatic ward ! and for the same reason for which you sent this other man there, namely, that you are adopting a theory which will not account for evolution by involution, and which asserts in the last analysis that there *can* be a change *without* an adequate cause, or that the fountain can rise higher than the source.

Descartes said: "I think, therefore, I am a person. And I must have been brought into existence by a being at least as perfect as I am, for the fountain cannot rise higher than the source." He was true to the axiom that every change must have an adequate cause. As he felt conscious of being a mind, a will and a heart, he knew that somewhere in the universe there must be a cause, as a source, as least as high as this fountain. If you have any lofty conception of what is possible in future history, if you find your souls capable of imagining what you call perfection, then there must be in the universe somewhere perfection at least greater than you can imagine ; otherwise, your fountain rises higher than the source, and so there must be a being better than any being imaginable to man. Now, that I hold to be the present posture of Charles Darwin. This is not the posture of the materialistic and atheistic evolutionists, but it is the posture of Dana, and of Gray, and of Owen, and of nearly every man who can be called an exponent of established as contradistinguished from dis-established science.

I can account by merely chemical force for the fact that a certain number of atoms of oxygen and hydrogen when brought together will unite and constitute water, but those chemical forces have no tendency to bring atoms together in just the proportions needed to cause them to unite. That is the difference between merely chemical forces and the force of co-ordination. Chemical forces, when the particles of matter are arranged, take hold of each other and produce important results. But the particles must be arranged first. Your quill will write when there is a hand behind it, but the fact that it can write when held and driven is not a proof that it holds and drives itself or that it sharpens itself.

Say what we will of the forces and tendencies of matter, it cannot be made clear that these forces and tendencies, although upheld by Infinite Will, account for the adjustment and collocations of matter in those works of nature in which the structure indicates an intelligent designer. A German professor once, to illustrate this very proposition, took a book

and tore it into shreds, and threw down the pieces at his left hand. He then took an uninjured copy of the same volume and put it at his right hand. "Now," said he, "young gentlemen, is not the same book here and there?" "Yes," said they. "No," he thundered. "What is the difference?" "We do not see much difference." "Collocation," was the impatiently emphatic reply. You have here, indeed, the same type, you have the same pages, you have the same paper, but everything is in shreds here, everything is in chaos, and there you have everything intelligently arranged. Now, the fact for which materialism and atheism, and for which the atheistic and materialistic school of evolutionists can never account, is collocation, or how the disarranged chaos is put together into the intelligible book of God which we call nature.

Matter does not possess intelligence. It does not build cylinders, and joints, and cells, and husks, and barbs, all pointing to one design, the production of a plant bearing seed and perpetuating itself. While, therefore, we admit that God's will acts omnipresently in the forces and tendencies of matter, we must recognize the fact that there are phenomena in the collocations and adjustments of matter for which those forces and tendencies will not account. In the former case we recognize His mediate agency; in the latter His immediate.

I know how awful this conclusion is. I must not leave it without at least naming a few of the great authorities in science and speculative thought by whom it is asserted.

There are four forms of what is called the doctrine of Second Causes which it is very important to distinguish from each other.

1. The mechanical theory, that the phenomena of the material universe are the result of powers impressed upon matter at its creation, and which operate without any present agency of the Deity.

2. The theory that all the phenomena of the material universe are produced by the forces and tendencies of matter as upheld by the Infinite Will.

3. The theory that all the phenomena of the material universe are produced by the forces and tendencies of matter as constantly upheld by the Infinite Will, except the adjustment and collocations, which are produced immediately by that Will.

4. The theory that all the phenomena of the material universe are produced by the immediate agency of the Divine Will.

The first and second of these theories are refuted. It is the third which I have asserted. It is but justice to the theme, however, to say that the fourth, which goes even further than the third, though it does not, like the third, receive the unanimous support of scholars, is yet asserted by a large body of

the most respectable authorities. This theory, which affirms that all the phenomena of the material universe are the result of the immediate Divine agency, denies the existence of second causes. The great name of Dugald Stewart is prominent in the list of the defenders of this doctrine. It was favored by Reid. It was asserted by Malebranche. It was defended by Berkeley and Samuel Clarke. It was favored by Isaac Newton. In New England it was the doctrine of the theologian Emmons. It is to-day elaborately taught in Harvard University in a standard text-book on metaphysics and ethics by Professor Bowen.

Of course all these authorities which assert the fourth proposition I have named, are authorities for the third. If the fourth, which asserts universal immediate Divine agency, be true, the third, which asserts a partial immediate Divine agency, and is thus included in the fourth, is true.

But I am not aware of a single authority of weight which does not affirm the third proposition. The work of Dr. McCosh on *The Method of Divine Government*, is a recent careful defense of the doctrine.

At Andover Theological Seminary it is elaborately taught by Professor Park that second causes exist, but that they are everywhere upheld by the Infinite Will, and that first and second causes, though distinguishable in thought, are inseparable as things.

Professor Farraday has called the law of the conservation and correlation of the physical forces "the highest law in physical science which our faculties permit us to perceive." This law is that light, heat, electricity, chemical affinity are only modes of motion of the ultimate particles of matter, and that instead of being, as they have long been thought to be, distinct, they are convertible forces. If either of these is brought into action, one of the others follows as a result. One form of force may be converted into another form, but no portion of force can be lost. The forces of matter are the results of motion of its ultimate particles; and, when men of science speak plainly of the cause of that motion itself, it is startling to observe how unqualifiedly they assert the third of the four propositions I have named, and how some of them affirm the fourth. "Light, heat, electricity, magnetism and chemical affinity," says Mr. Grove, in his celebrated essay on the Correlation of Physical Forces, "are all convertible material affections. Assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect; thus, heat may be said to produce electricity; electricity, magnetism; and so of the rest. Cause and effect, therefore, in their abstract relation to these forces, are words solely of convenience, and we must humbly refer their causation to one omnipresent influence. The common error, if I am

right in supposing it to be such, consists in the abstraction of cause, and supposing in each case a general secondary cause—a something which is not the first cause, but which, if we examine it carefully, must have all the attributes of a first cause, and an existence independent of, and dominant over, matter. Can we say abstractedly that heat is the cause of electricity, or that electricity is the cause of heat? Certainly not; but if either be true, both must be so, and the effect then becomes the cause of the cause, or, in other words, a thing causes itself. Any other proposition on this subject will be found to involve similar difficulties, until at length the mind will become convinced that abstract secondary causation does not exist, and that a physical search after essential causes is vain.”

“Causation is the Will, Creation the Act of God.”

What is this but teaching entirely parallel with the magnificent sentences of Martineau? “Matter is the negative condition of the Divine power; Force, its positive exercise; Life, its delegation under limits of necessity; Will, under concession of freedom. As all forces are convertible, and that, too, not by culmination into volition, but by reduction from volition, they are but God’s mask, and can never be His competitors.”

Wherever we find heat, light, electricity, we infer motion as the cause; wherever we find motion we infer force; and wherever we find force we infer spirit. The law which in science is now called that of the monogenesis of force is more completely expressed by the phrase, the spiritual origin of force.

“It is our own immediate consciousness of effort,” says Sir John F. W. Herschell, speaking of the laws of gravitation, “when we exert force to put matter in motion, or to oppose and neutralize force, which gives us this internal conviction of power and causation so far as it refers to the material world, and compels us to believe that whenever we see material objects put in motion from a state of rest, or deflected from their rectilinear paths and changed in their velocities if already in motion, it is in consequence of such an effort somehow exerted, though not accompanied with our consciousness. All bodies with which we are acquainted, when raised into the air and quietly abandoned, descend to the earth’s surface in lines perpendicular to it. They are, therefore, urged thereto by a force or effort, which it is but reasonable to regard as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness and a will existing somewhere, though beyond our power to trace, which force we term gravity.”

“The conception,” writes a recent critic in the *North American Review*, “of a being with a nature akin to our own, but perfect in all that we aspire to be; infinite in power, with perfect goodness and knowledge, whose will is just as immedi-

ately manifested in the order of nature as in any supposable miracle, such a conception is a most cheering and inspiring one, and is not inconsistent with anything which human science has yet discovered, or is ever likely to discover."

I quote a single sentence from the manuscript of a lecture of President Hill, of Harvard University, which it was my fortune to hear: "Looking thus at the Divine Being as the Lord who has unconsciously expressed his thoughts in the material world, that world becomes glorified, and glows with heavenly splendor. Science becomes the study of the autograph works of the Infinite God; and natural history, which is the highest of the series of the physical sciences, and links them to the sciences that deal with the human mind, becomes the means of communion with the highest geometrical, algebraical and chemical thoughts of the Father of men, which He has as yet revealed to us." Professor Agassiz, who was present at this lecture, was heard to say emphatically, as the audience were leaving the room: "That truth is not more great than sure."

"God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art and shalt be, when the eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt,
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near."—*Lowell*.

There is no sound reasoning which may not be stated in exact syllogistic form. There is no reasoning which, when so stated, any human mind has the capacity to dispute, its premises once admitted. The reasoning now given in another form may be so stated. Its certainty may be completely evinced if, in summing it up, I submit it, at the risk of some repetition, to the test of this form.

1. If matter is essentially inert, that is, if it cannot originate force or motion, every exhibition of force or motion in matter must originate in mind.

2. But matter is essentially inert; that is, it cannot originate force or motion.

3. Therefore, every exhibition of force or motion in matter originates in mind.

The reasoning underlying the first premise may be analytically stated as follows:

1. Only matter and mind exist in the universe.

2. Matter is inert, that is, it cannot originate force or motion.

3. If, therefore, matter moves or exhibits force, that force must originate in mind.

4. That mind is God.

5. Matter does move and exhibit force now and here.

6. God, therefore, is now and here, since where He acts, there He is.

Or, we may say,

1. All the forces of matter are upheld by the Infinite Will, or not upheld.

2. If they are not upheld, they act as a machine.

3. But it has been shown that they cannot act as a machine.

4. Therefore, they are upheld.

5. The Divine Mind, therefore, is omnipresent, since where it acts there it is.

Or, if we assert that second causes exist, we may reach the conclusion of the Divine Omnipresence thus:

1. Second causes are omnipresent in the created universe.

2. But the First Cause, that is, God's will, and second causes, though distinguishable in thought, are inseparable things.

3. God, therefore, is omnipresent.

It has pleased Him whose hand moulds the centuries to make the progress of science very nearly the most characteristic feature of the present age. Science, as defended by its less thoroughly cultivated votaries, has many faults. It sometimes makes arrogant claims. But it has one righteous thing in it. That is, the love of clear ideas. The holy and intense creed of reverence for proof, clear ideas at any cost, and obedience the organ of spiritual knowledge, will live. It will go through the centuries of coming time without wreck. I believe that the love of clear ideas and impatience of their opposite, which characterize the educated mind of the present age, are as truly a Pentecost from the Divine Hand as if they were evidenced by tongues of flame. The gauntlet is at last thrown down.

"Doubts to the world's child heart unknown,
Question as now from star and stone:
The power is lost to self-deceive
With hollow forms of make-believe."

Faith and Reason challenge each other to the death. I see herein promise, not of destruction for either, but of reinforced and mutually harmonious life for both. Science, against its choice, will show that every natural fact is in the strictest sense a religious fact. Startling us in some past years, it has been blindly bringing us to that great result. The eve of an unexpected time I believe to be at hand, and its dawn now more than broken in the best educated minds, when faith will make science religious, and science make faith scientific. The Word and the Works must flow together after 1900! I think I hear that storm of good already sing in the wind.

Of the awfulness of the fact of God's presence in every point of space I need not speak, for there are some topics on which

the strongest expressions are the most powerless, and the loudest speech the most dumb.

It is the certainty of the fact of the Divine Omnipresence on the one hand, and its lawfulness on the other, which fit it to underlie the religion of action. When once this truth of science is fully grasped, we walk constantly within the flame of that mount which could not be touched. According as our life coincides or does not coincide with conscience, we move, while we retain a vivid sense of the Divine Omnipresence, in a present heaven or a present hell. But, once proved by science, it is idle to endeavor to shut our eyes to the truth. It is truth, whether we remember its truth or not. Our shutting our eyes to the flame does not extinguish it. Dark passions, therefore, hie them to their caves as beasts of night under the light of a thousand noons; or, if they will remain abroad, go mad, and gnash upon the soul with a thousandfold more ferocious teeth of remorse. Life is conducted in the eye of its judge. To obey the truth is to receive God's kiss; to disobey it is to offer insult in the face of a present God. The keenest investigation the world contains declares that the commonest path of daily life demonstrably necessitates our walking through the midst of the Great White Throne. No illustration is too awful to convey the literal truth of rigid science.

Dr. Kane forced an expedition far toward the northern pole, expecting to meet at every advance increasing accumulations of icebergs. Instead of these, he came suddenly upon an open polar sea. Science moves toward extremes apparently frigid to faith; but when it moves far enough toward the pole, it, too, comes upon the clear, open sea.

There is a celebrated picture of Raphael in which the Virgin and her child are represented as surrounded by a halo, which, at a distance, appears to be luminous vapor; but which, when seen near at hand, is found to be made up of innumerable cherubs' faces. Come close to scientific truth, look fixedly upon nature anywhere, and what at the distance appears to be vapor, resolves itself, beyond possibility of mistake, into the faces of angels.

In Venice there was a princely merchant whom intemperance had conquered. During one of his wassails with his companions, in his own palace, his sons resolved to make a last effort to break their father's chains. Before the company gathered they wrote in large lettering across one of the walls of the room in which the revel was to take place, using for their pencil phosphorus, the mark of which can be seen only in the dark, the words: "Prepare to meet thy God." The revel went on: the merchant's companions late at night lay in the stupor of intoxication beneath the massy mahogany of the table, and he himself was asleep, drunk in his chair. Waking

toward morning when the lights had burned out, his own benumbed senses aiding the deception, the only thing visible in the room was the letters throbbing on the wall opposite him: "Prepare to meet thy God." He was so moved that his chains from that hour fell off him. Years after, in describing his emotions at the time, he said: "That round O in the word God! That round O. I think it is yet burned upon the substance of my brain!" I say to you, in the name of science, that the whole rim of the universe is such a round O. Let us see it and be saved.

In Peru, the commonest and simplest sign of adoration to the collective divinities was to kiss the air.

God is law say the wise ; O Soul, and let us rejoice ;
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice ;
Speak to Him, thou ; for He hears, and spirit with spirit may meet ;
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

—*Tennyson.*